

VOL. 5 NO. 11
FEBRUARY 1946

Shadow

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COMICS

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and proves

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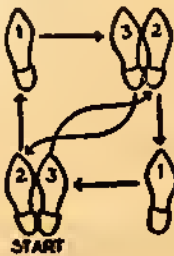
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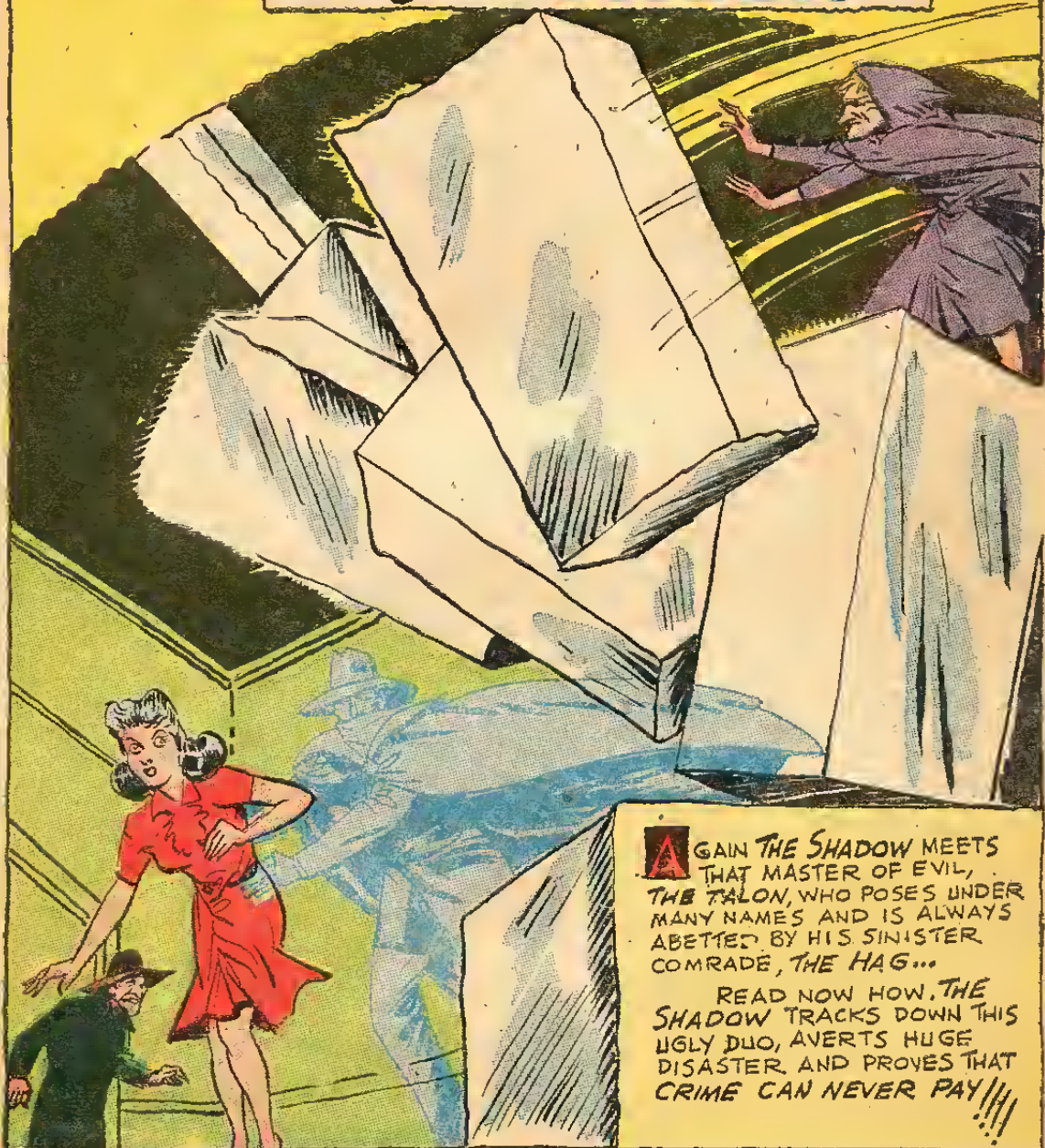
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The Shadow

Defies The Clutch of the TALON

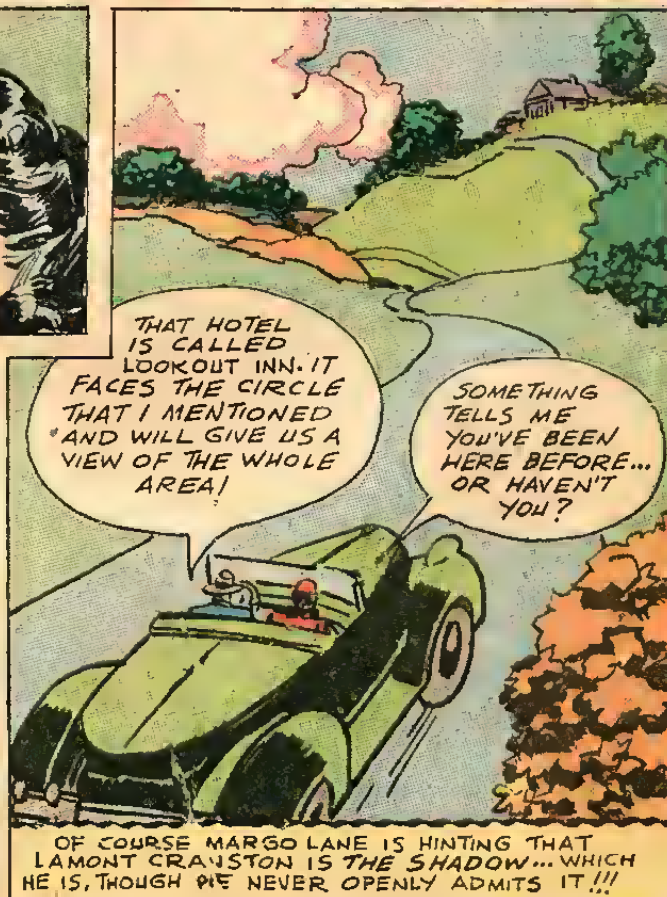
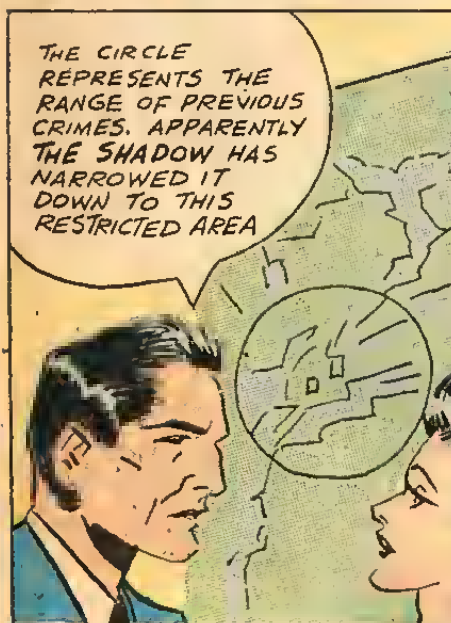
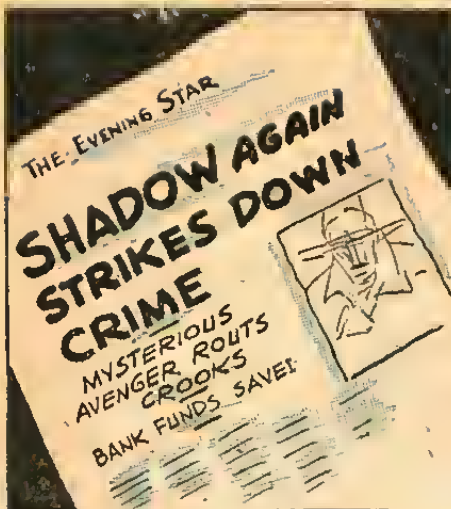


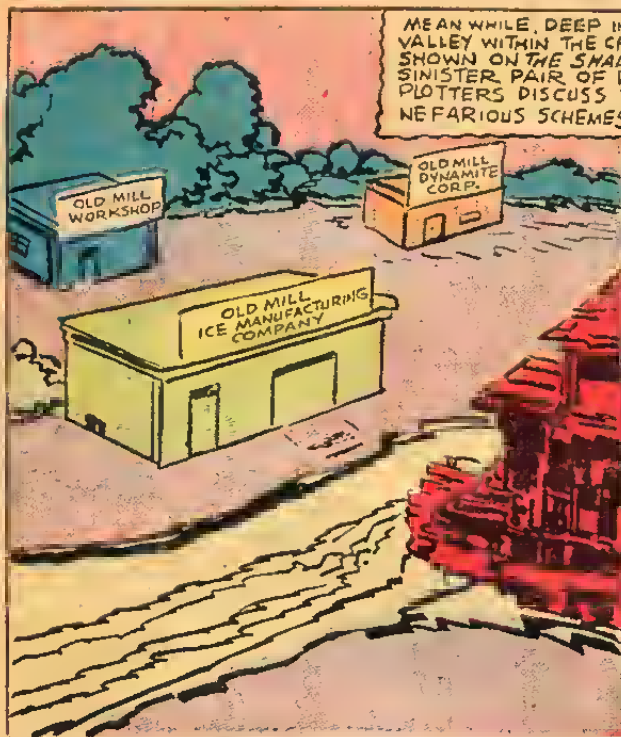
A GAIN THE SHADOW MEETS
THAT MASTER OF EVIL,
THE TALON, WHO POSES UNDER
MANY NAMES AND IS ALWAYS
ABETTED BY HIS SINISTER
COMRADE, THE HAG...

READ NOW HOW THE
SHADOW TRACKS DOWN THIS
UGLY DUO, AVERTS HUGE
DISASTER, AND PROVES THAT
CRIME CAN NEVER PAY!!!

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MEAN WHILE, DEEP IN A HIDDEN VALLEY WITHIN THE CRIME CIRCLE SHOWN ON THE SHADOW'S MAP A SINISTER PAIR OF DEEP-DYED PLOTTERS DISCUSS THEIR NEFARIOUS SCHEMES!!!

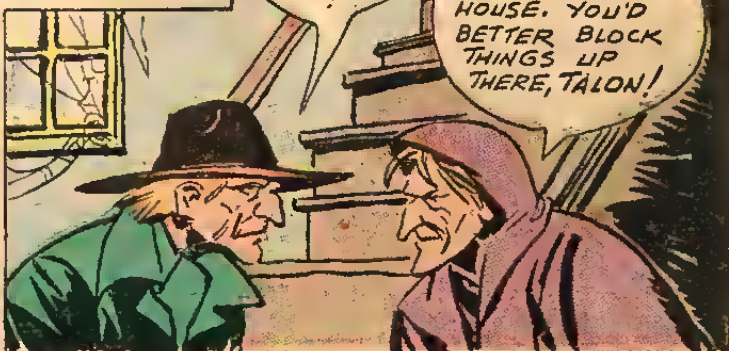
SO FAR, THE SHADOW HASN'T FOUND US, HAG!

NO, TALON, BUT HE SURE HAS WRECKED OUR RACKET!



BUT HOW WILL THE SHADOW GUESS THAT I AM THE SECRET OPERATOR OF THESE OLD MILL ENTERPRISES?

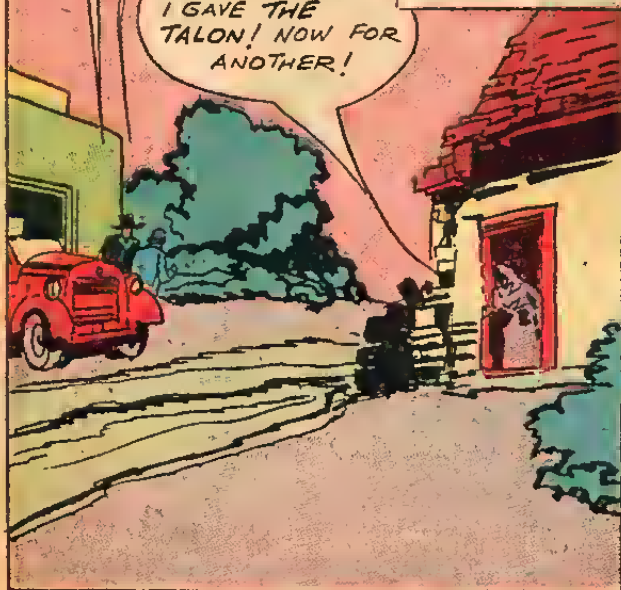
HE MAY BE CHECKING FROM THE LOOKOUT HOUSE. YOU'D BETTER BLOCK THINGS UP THERE, TALON!



WHEN YOU FINISH YOUR ROUTE DRIVE BACK PAST THE LOOKOUT HOUSE AND LEAVE THIS BILL FOR THE CLERK

SURE WILL, MR. ALTON

THAT'S ONE IDEA I GAVE THE TALON! NOW FOR ANOTHER!



THAT'S A BRIDGE THAT WE'LL CROSS WHEN THE SHADOW GETS TO IT, HAG!

SUPPOSE THE SHADOW IS AT THE LOOKOUT HOUSE, TALON. YOU'LL HAVE TROUBLE KEEPING HIM FROM FOLLOWING YOUR GANG AFTER THE NEXT JOB!



FROM THE ROOF VERANDA OF THE LOOKOUT HOUSE, LAMONT CRANSTON AND MARGO LANE ARE STUDYING THE SURROUNDING TERRITORY LIKE A GIANT MAP!

WHY, YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING FROM HERE, LAMONT! FOR INSTANCE, I'VE BEEN WATCHING THAT TRUCK FOR THE PAST TEN MINUTES

BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN IT WENT FROM SIGHT COMING UP THE HILL, WHICH PROVES THAT THERE ARE HIDDEN SPOTS IN THIS AREA

JUST ABOUT, UNLESS WE FIND A QUICKER CLUE!

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY NOOK TO FIND THOSE CROOKS!



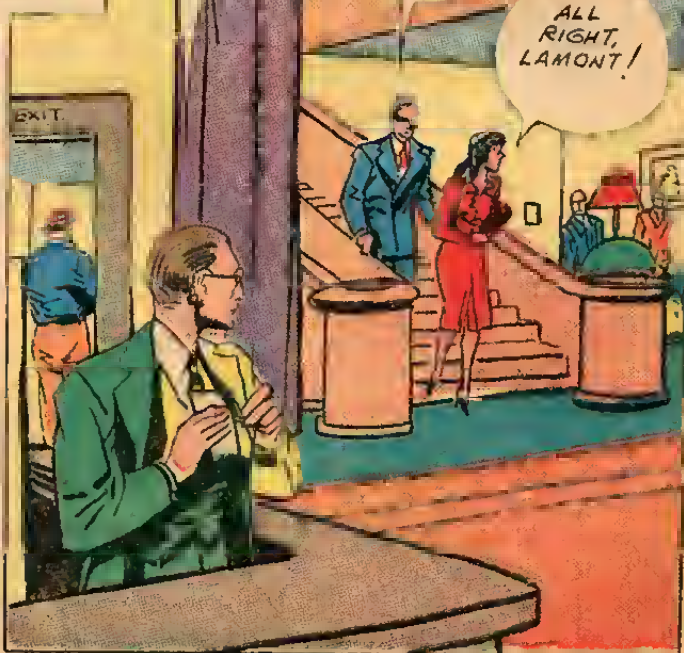
NEW GUESTS! THIS MESSAGE MAY REFER TO THEM! I'LL PUT IT AWAY UNTIL THEY GO OUT!

SUPPOSE WE STROLL AROUND A BIT, MARGO. WE MAY GET A DIFFERENT ANGLE!

ALL RIGHT, LAMONT!

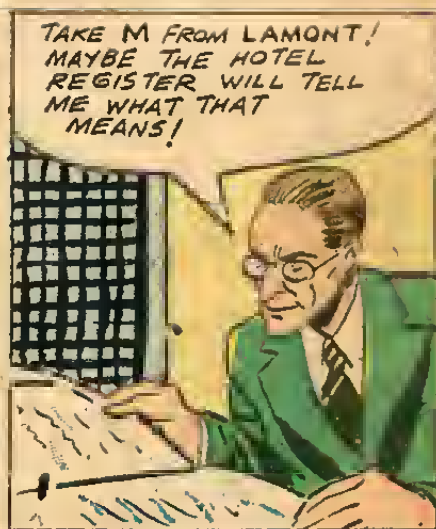
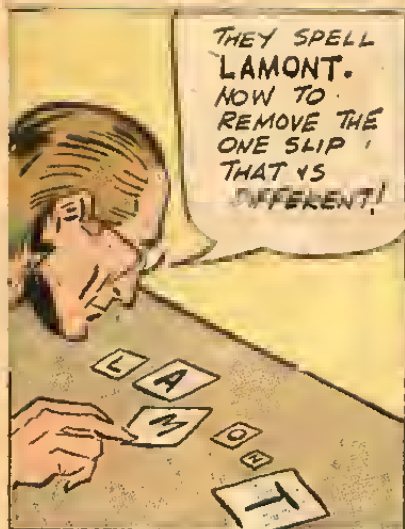
BILL FOR YOU, MISTER!

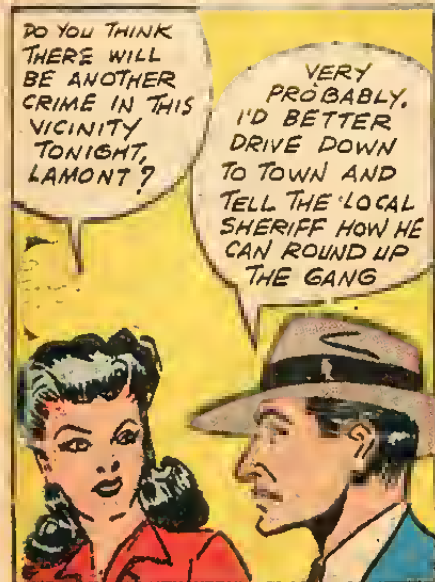
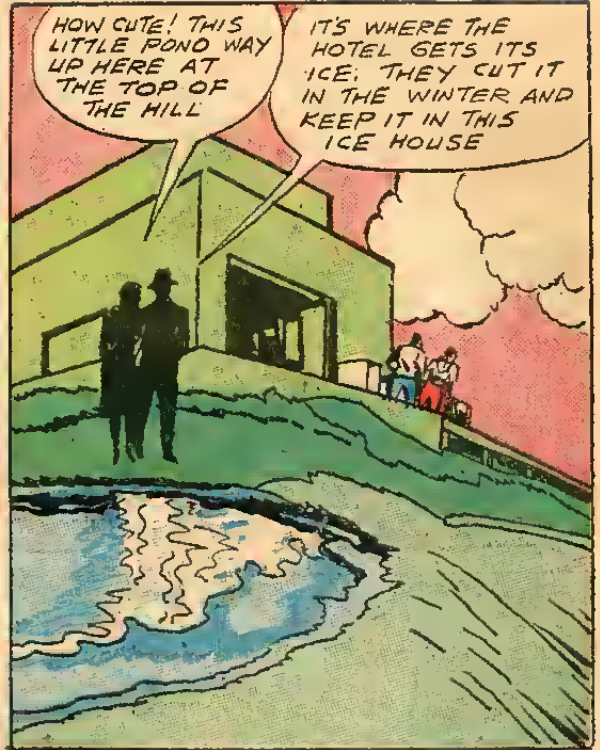
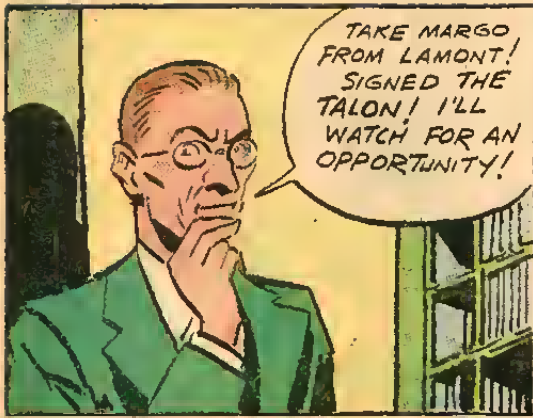
ALRIGHT. LEAVE IT





OPENING THE ENVELOPE, THE CLERK FINDS SEVEN SLIPS OF PAPER, EACH BEARING A LETTER... HE PLACES THEM IN THE ORDER IN WHICH HE FINDS THEM...

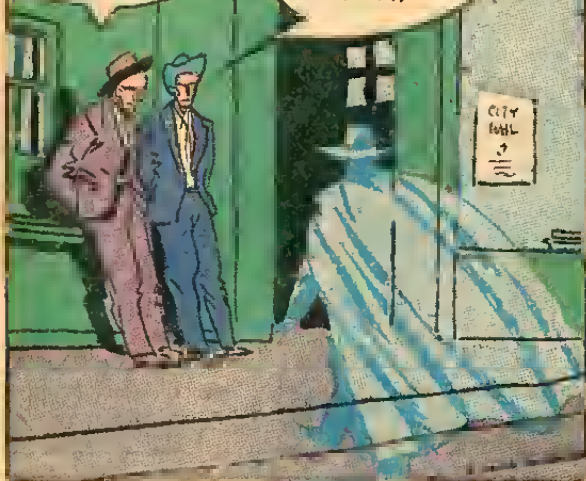




REACHING TOWN, LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW AND PAYS A MYSTERIOUS VISIT TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

THE SHERIFF SAYS TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR STRANGERS, HANK. BUT I HAIN'T SEEN NONE. HEV YOU?

NARY A PERSON, ZEKE. GUESS NOBODY WOULD COME MOOCHING AROUND THIS COURT-HOUSE ANYWAY



HEY, DEPUTY! HOW DID THIS ENVELOPE GET HERE?

DON'T KNOW, SHERIFF. NOBODY CAME IN WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP



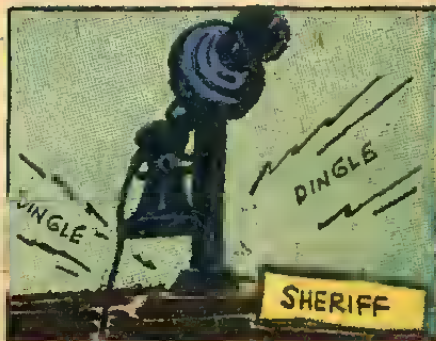
WHAT GOT THE SHERIFF SO EXCITED?

SOME MESSAGE HE JUST FOUND. ONLY HE DIDN'T TELL ME WHAT WAS IN IT!

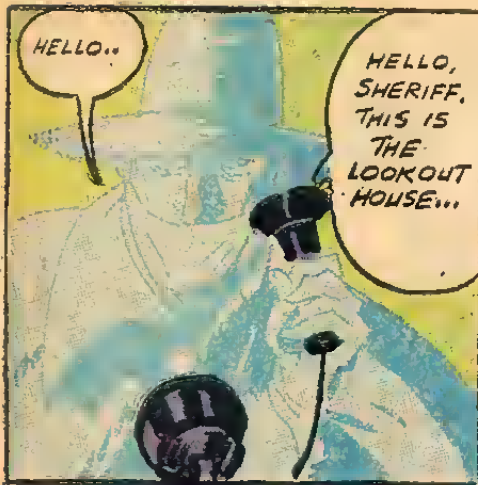
GET MY CAR AND HURRY. WE'RE GOIN' TO ROUSE UP A POSSE AND ROUST OUT THEM CROOKS THAT HAVE BEEN GIVIN' SO MUCH TROUBLE



YES, SIR! YES, SHERIFF!



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTURE A MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALL ARRIVES. WHAT CAN THIS MEAN? TURN THE PAGE AND LEARN!





OH!

HEY!

SHE
CALLED FOR
HAY AND
SHE GOT IT!

GET STARTED
AND IF YOU
PASS THE SHERIFF,
JUST TELL HIM
YOU'RE DELIVERING
A LOAD OF FEED
WHERE IT'S
EXPECTED!

SO YOU SENT THE PRISONER ON A HAY-RIDE. GOOD, WE'LL BE WATCHING FOR HER!



BUT, SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO SEND THE PRISONER SOMEWHERE ELSE? HOW WILL YOU ARRANGE THAT, TALON?

VERY SIMPLY, HAG. COME INTO THE WORK-SHOP AND I'LL SHOW YOU!



SEE THAT METAL CUBE, HAG? I HAVE SEVERAL MORE LIKE IT

ALL THE SIDES ARE POLISHED LIKE MIRRORS. IS THAT IMPORTANT?

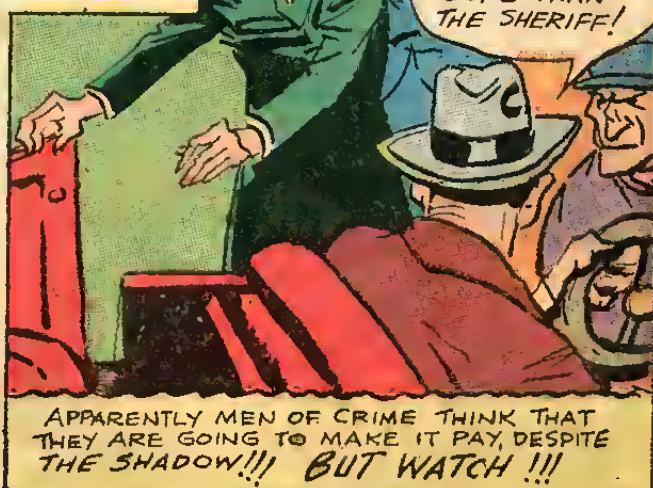
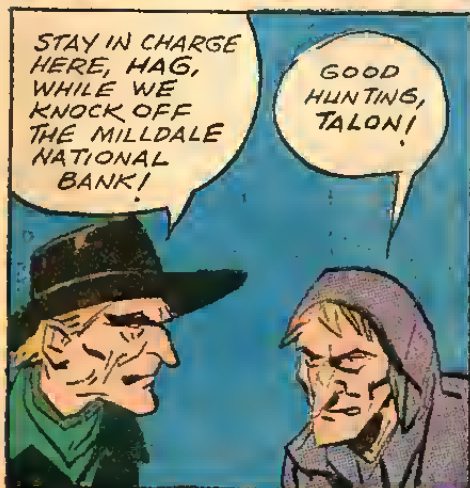
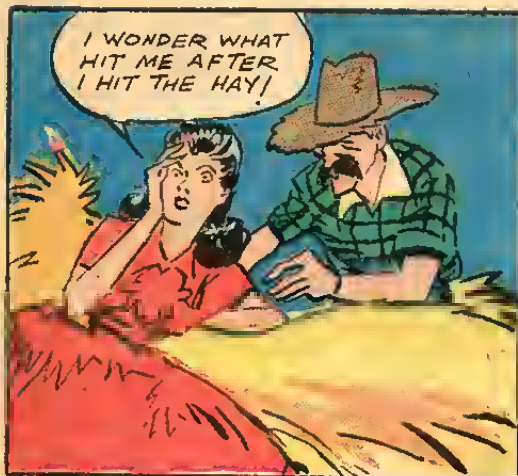


HERE COMES THE WAGON WITH THE LANE GIRL. WE'LL TAKE A CUBE TO THE ICE FACTORY AND HAVE IT READY TO CONCEAL HER!

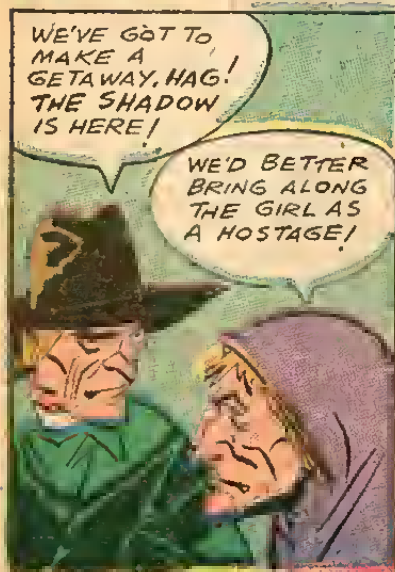
BETTER TAKE TWO CUBES, TALON, IN CASE YOU HAVE LUCK AND BAG CRANSTON, TOO!

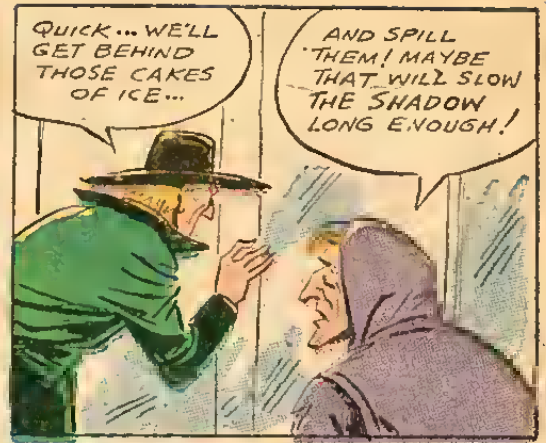
VERY IMPORTANT. IF YOU FREEZE ONE OF THESE INSIDE A CAKE OF ICE, IT WILL REFLECT THE ICE FROM ANY ANGLE...





AS THE TALON'S CARAVAN STARTS FROM ITS HIDDEN VALLEY, THE CROOKS ARE RAKED BY A CROSS-FIRE FROM THE SURROUNDING SLOPES !!!







SO YOU TIPPED
OFF THE SHERIFF
TO COME HERE?

LET'S SAY THE
SHADOW GAVE
THE TIP-OFF!

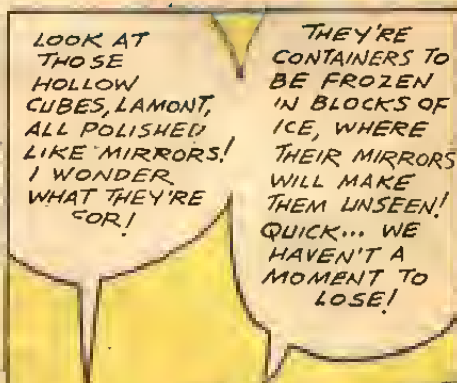
COME ON, MEN..
THE BIG-SHOT
WENT IN HERE!
LET'S FIND HIM!

YOU BET
WE'LL FIND
HIM... AND
WHOEVER
IS WITH HIM!



LET'S GO IN
HERE WHILE
THE SHERIFF
IS ROUNDING
UP THE TALON
AND THE HAG!

A GOOD IDEA,
IN CASE SOME
OF THOSE
DEPUTIES
START SHOOTING
WILD!



LOOK AT
THOSE
HOLLOW
CUBES, LAMONT,
ALL POLISHED
LIKE MIRRORS!
I WONDER
WHAT THEY'RE
FOR!

THEY'RE
CONTAINERS TO
BE FROZEN
IN BLOCKS OF
ICE, WHERE
THEIR MIRRORS
WILL MAKE
THEM UNSEEN!
QUICK... WE
HAVEN'T A
MOMENT TO
LOSE!



FUNNY... WE
SEARCHED
AMONG ALL
THOSE CAKE
OF ICE BUT
COULDN'T
FIND ANYBODY!

ARE WE
TOO LATE,
LAMONT?

WE ARE! THERE
GO THE TALON
AND THE HAG,
EVEN THOUGH
WE CAN'T SEE
THEM! BUT
WE'LL CATCH
UP WITH THEM
AGAIN!



THEY RESCUE AN AIRPLANE
DOWNED AT SEA
IN A STORM—

THEY HAVE
A DIVING EXPERIENCE
THAT WILL THRILL YOU!

READ
**ADVENTURE
IS MY
CAREER**

A THRILLING COMIC

10¢

HOW OH SALE

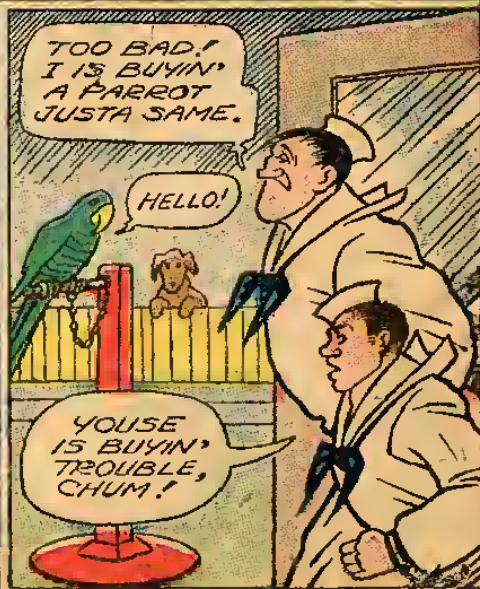
GOBS O' FUN

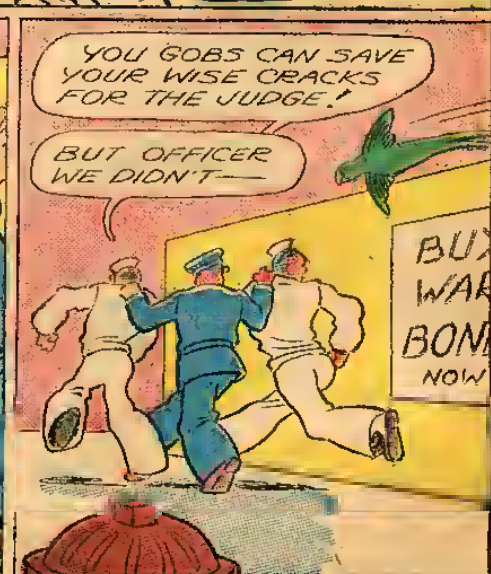
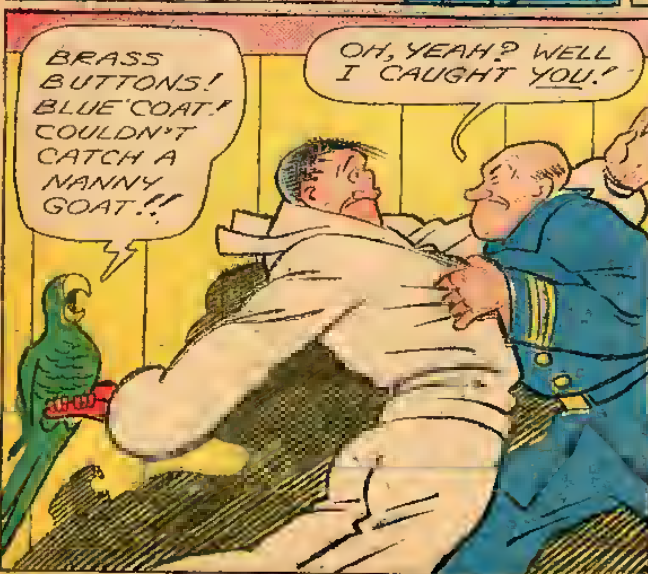
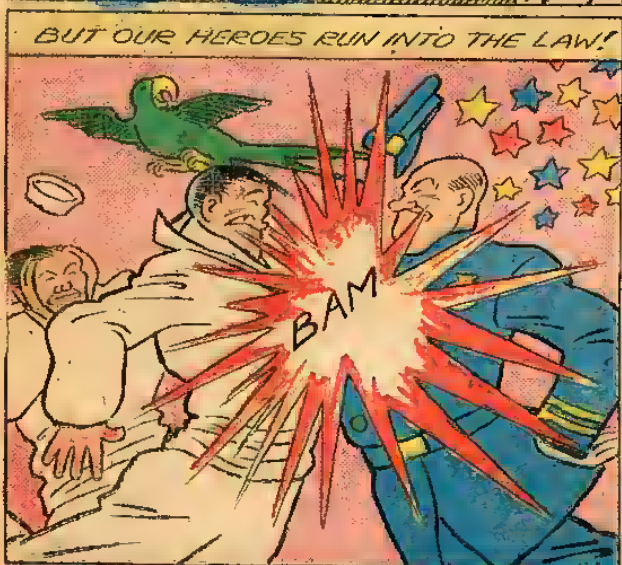
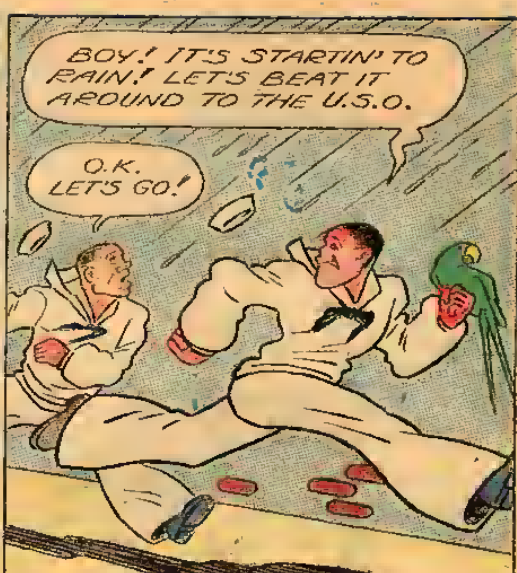
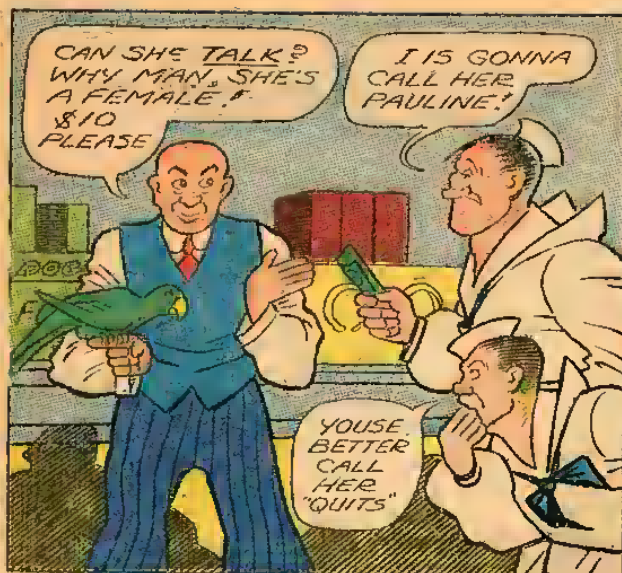
INTRODUCING "PAULINE"
THE PARROT

By CHARLES WESSELL

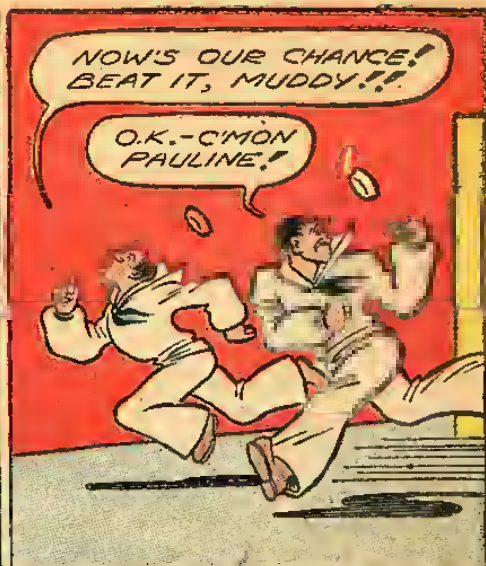
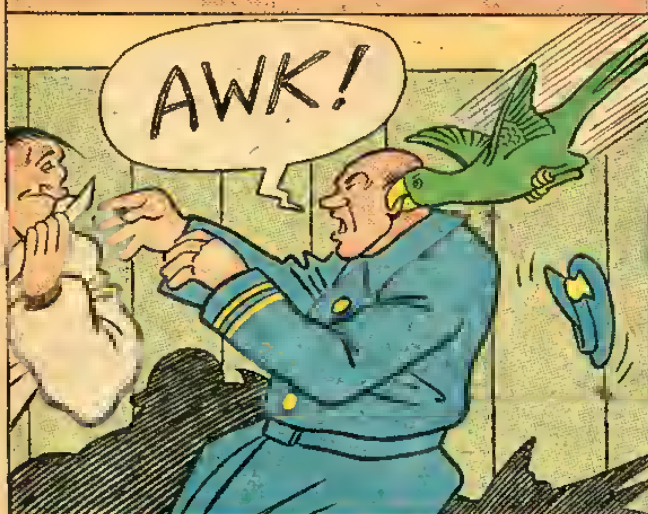


AGAIN, THOSE INTREPID SEAMEN OF UNCLE SAM'S NAVY APPEAR ON THE SCENE — "MUDDY" WATERS AND "UPAN" ATEM! THIS CURIOUS PAIR IS THE ONLY LIVING PROOF THAT DARWIN WAS RIGHT! BIG MUDDY SUPPLIES THE "BRAWN" — LITTLE UPAN THE "BRAINS", ON ACCOUNT EACH HAS GOT THE SAME THINGS THE OTHER AIN'T, IF YOU GET WHAT WE MEAN? ANYWAY, LET'S LOOK IN ON THESE GOBS O' FUN AS THEY EMBARK ON ANOTHER SHORE LEAVE —





- BUT PAULINE SEEKS THE OFFICER'S EAR!



BADLY BATTERED, OUR HEROES BEAT A RETREAT TO THE NEAREST CANTEN TO GATHER THEIR WITS - OR WHAT IS LEFT OF THEM.

LISTEN, MUDDY, ENUFF, IS ENUFF! ARE 'YOUSE GONNA DITCH THAT BIRD?

YOUSE IS ASKIN' ME TO DITCH ME PAL!

I IS ASKIN' YOUSE TO DITCH A BOIL IN THE NECK!

QUIET, UPAN! YOUSE IS ANNOVIN' PAULINE!



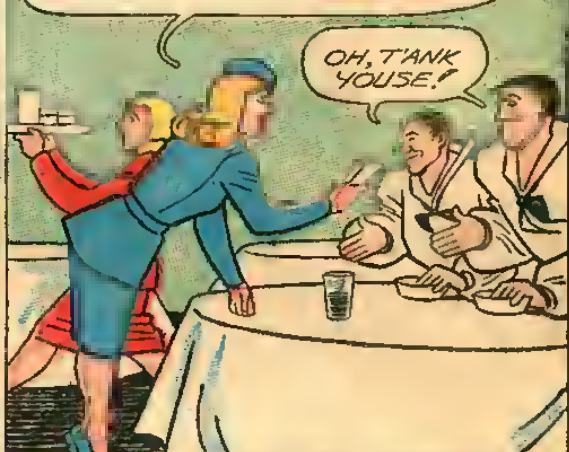
HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TWO FREE TICKETS AND A CHANCE TO WIN SOME MONEY?

SAYS WHICH?



HERE ARE TWO TICKETS FOR THE "TAKE IT OR HEAVE IT" RADIO PROGRAM.

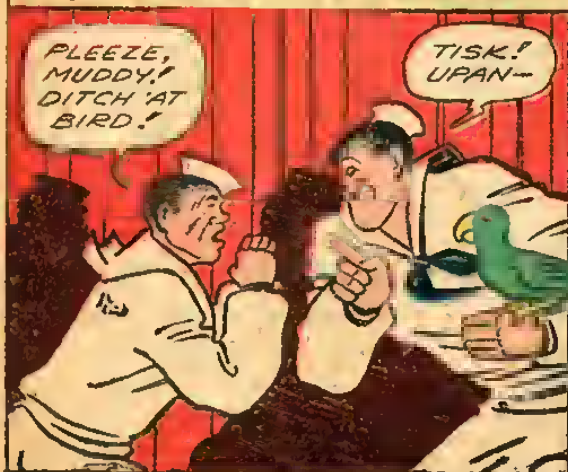
OH, T'ANK YOUSE!



-SO, AT THE BROADCASTING STUDIO-

PLEEZE, MUDDY, DITCH 'AT BIRD!

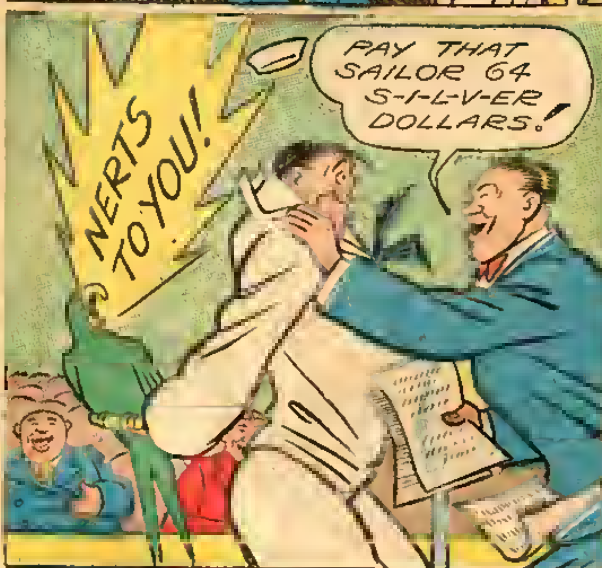
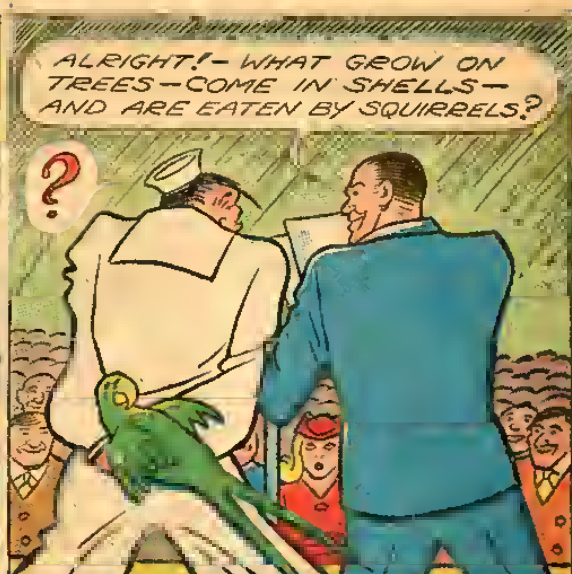
TISK! UPAN-



-WHERE I GOES, PAULINE GOES!

NICE GOIN' MUDDY!

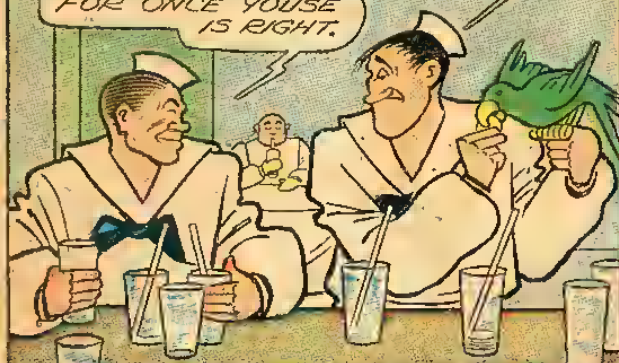




AND ALL IS ROSEY WITH OUR
HEROES AGAIN WHEN -----

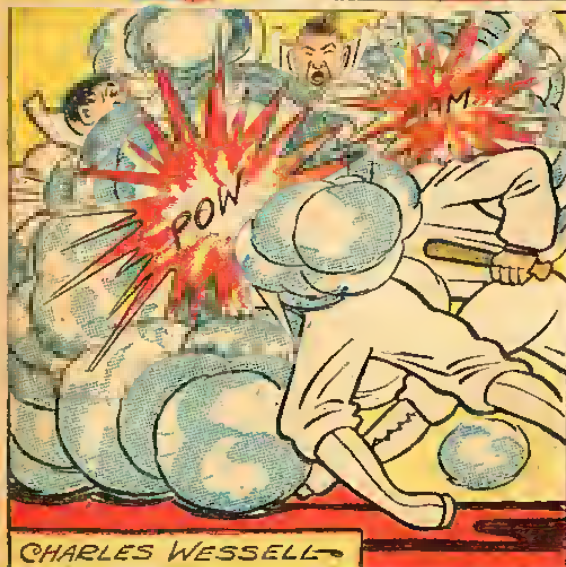
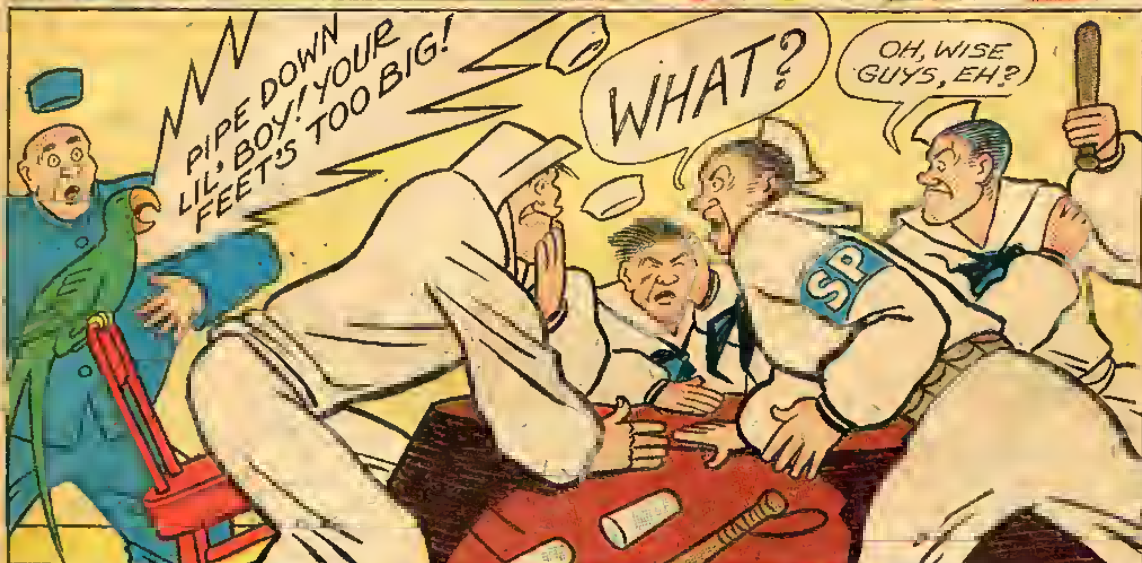
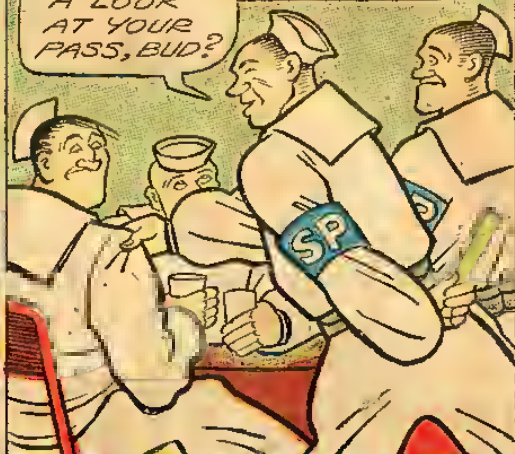
NOW YOUSE SEE, UPAN, IF IT
WUZNT FOR PAULINE, YA WOULDN'T
BE HERE WIF TEN SODAS!

FOR ONCE YOUSE
IS RIGHT.



THE SHORE POLICE DROP IN!

DO YOU MIND IF WE HAS
A LOOK
AT YOUR
PASS, BUD?



CHARLES WESSELL

AND SO - TO THE BRIG!

OH, WHERE IS MY POOR
PAULINE TO-NIGHT? DO
YOUSE THINK SHE IS
O.K. UPAN?

IS SHE OKAY?
- IN A KITCHEN
POT, YES! -
ANYWHERE ELSE,
NO!



MURDER HE SAYS



DUNNING WILD... THAT'S WHAT THE BOYS WERE... THEY ALL HAD THEIR BOOTS LACED TIGHT AND THEY THREW AWAY THE PAPER MUSIC... NO ONE EVER SAT IN ON A JAM SESSION LIKE THIS, WHERE MURDER SANG THE BLUES!

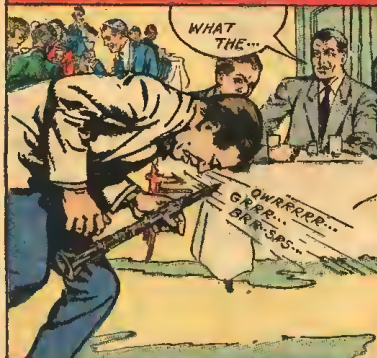
GOOD GRIEF, WHAT WOULD I WANT TO GO THERE FOR? I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT JAZZ, I'M STRICTLY A LONG HAIR!

DON'T BE LIKE THAT, DAD, COME ON!

PLEASE DO, MR. CARTER.









MY CLUB,
THE PATRONS--THEY
ALL SAY--THE CROWN
PRINCE--HE'S A KILLER!
THEY NEVER SAID HE'D
GET KILLED! WHAT'LL I DO?

FIRST IN ORDER
TO PREVENT A
PANIC, GET THE BAND
PLAYING AGAIN--THEN
CALL THE POLICE--
CHICK--C'MERE--



THE WAITER'S
KEEPING AN EYE
ON ROND--

GOOD! JUST WANT TO
GET THIS OFF THE
FLOOR--THE POLICE
WILL BE HERE ANY
MINUTE--



THAT FOOL--LOOK--HE'S
DIDDLING WITH THAT
DIAL AGAIN--STOP
HIM, CHICK--

YOU DON'T
THINK HE'D DO IT
AGAIN--
I'LL GET HIM!

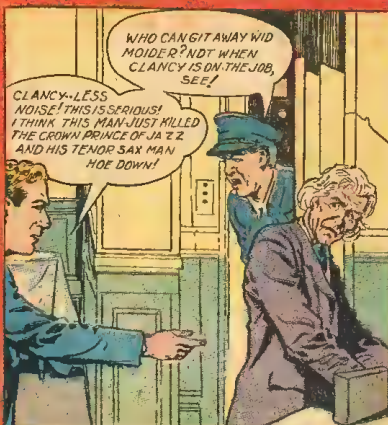


THAT TAKES REAL
TROOPERS TO GO ON
PLAYING AFTER A
DREADFUL THING
LIKE THIS--GEE THATS
A WONDERFUL
TENOR SAX--



THAT SAX--
IT WENT FLAT--
COULD HE HAVE--

I DID IT!
I DID IT! I CAN
DO IT ALL I WANT
TO--I CAN GET
AWAY WITH
MURDER--

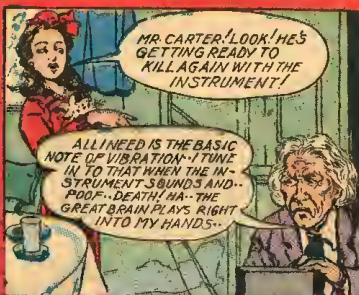


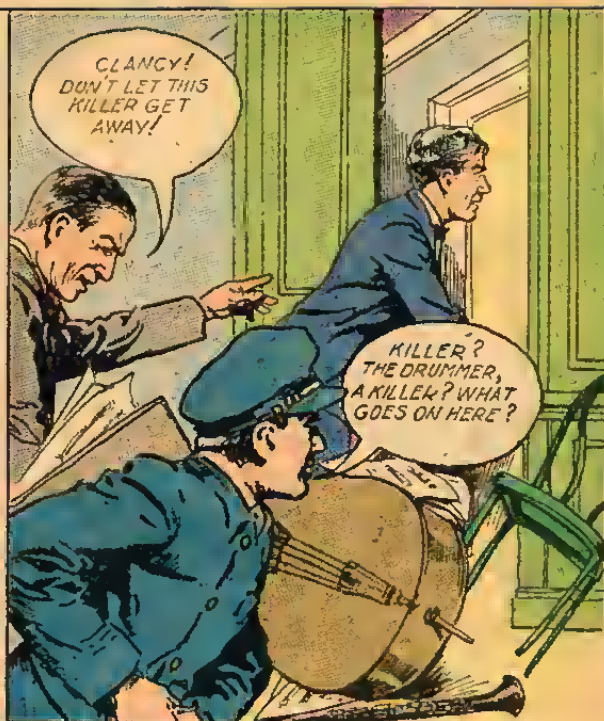
WHO CAN GIT AWAY WID
MOIDER? NOT WHEN
CLANCY IS ON THE JOB,
SEE!

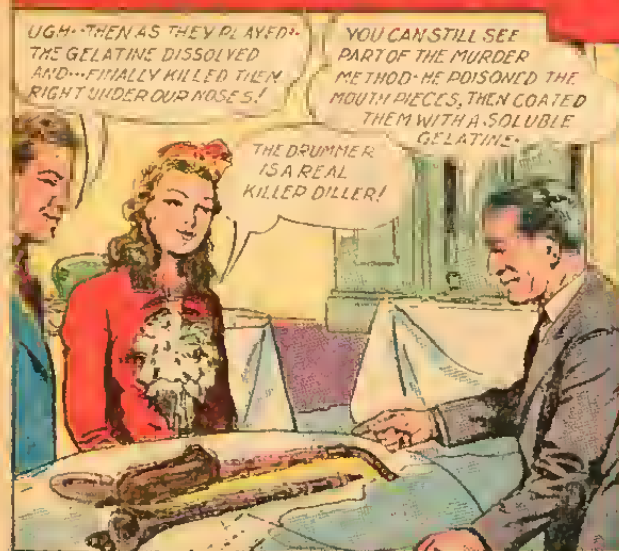
CLANCY--LESS
NOISE! THIS IS SERIOUS!
I THINK THIS MAN JUST KILLED
THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAZZ
AND HIS TENOR SAX MAN
HOE DOWN!

BUT NICK'S ORDER COMES A SPLIT SECOND TOO LATE--







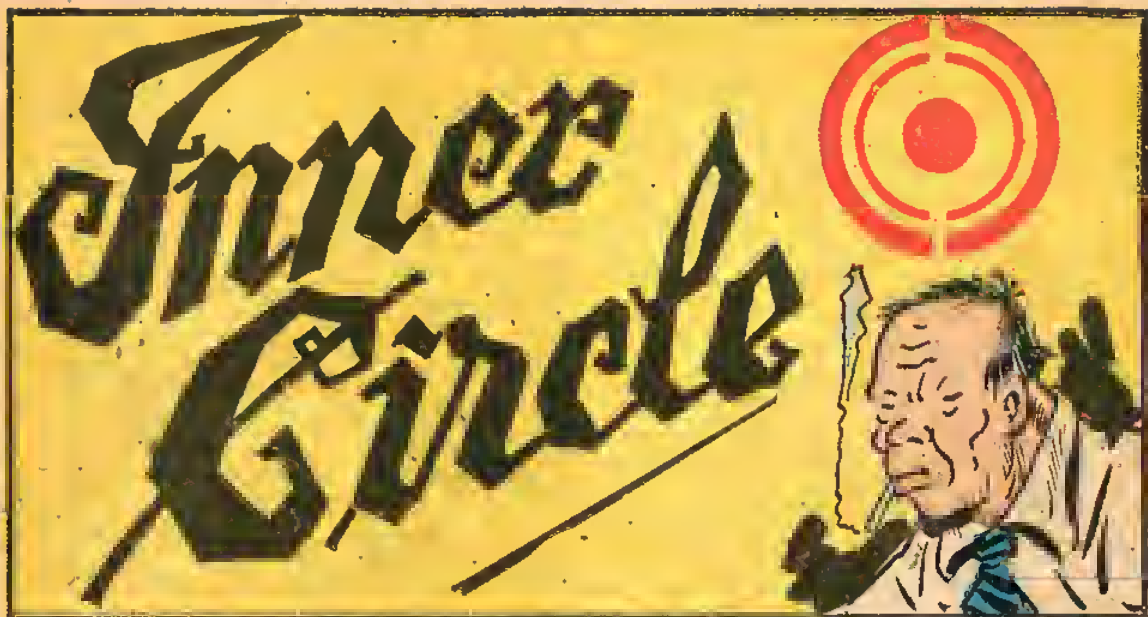


ADVENTURE IS MY CAREER

IS THE TITLE OF A NEW
COMIC THAT TELLS IN
COLOR PICTURES THE
FASCINATING STORY OF
TWO BOYS WHO ENTERED

THE
U. S. COAST GUARD
ACADEMY

IT'S THRILLING!
NOW ON SALE



CHICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE THE SECRET OF THE SMOKE!

Sue, Beef and Chick Carter came into the meeting of the Inner Circle a little late. The other members were all there ready and waiting. They watched the trio walk down the aisle to the front of the room. Sue and Beef took their seats as Chick stepped up on the podium.

He cleared his throat and said, "We owe you an apology for being late, members, but we have a good one, I think. We were all ready in plenty of time and started for the hall when . . ."

The members watched Chick with barely concealed interest. Anything that happened to Chick seems to be somehow adventurous. There was something about him that attracted adventure. Just going into a store with him could be exciting. Something always popped around where Chick was.

This time was no exception. Chick went on, "We moseyed past the police station and stopped when one of the detectives there called out and asked if my foster father, Nick, was in town. I said no and the detective asked me to step inside.

"All of us, Sue, Beef and I went in. The cops had quite a tidy little problem for us to solve. They were completely baffled. They ushered us into a small room where a man, a little sneaky rat-faced man named

Larry the Bat, was sitting. He smirked at us with an evil twist to his coarse mouth.

"The detective who had called me, pointed to him and said, 'You wouldn't believe it but that little punk there has us all walking around on our heels. He's in solitary till we dope out whether or not he's tied up with a bunch of pyromaniacs that have been torching off houses here in town. Now, he's in solitary. There's no earthly way he can communicate with the outside and even if he could, he has nothing with which to write and nothing on which to write . . . Nevertheless he's been in constant communication with his friends on the outside!'

"At this point, Larry the Bat snarled, 'Yare, the dirty stoolies, if they hadn't tipped you off, you'd never have known!'

"I asked if the friends who had stooped hadn't told how he sent the messages and the detective shook his head wearily and said, 'Nope, evidently they like the idea of the secret message and want to keep it for themselves in case they're ever in a like spot.'

"Well," said Chick, "it sounded like a nice problem and I was glad we were going to have a chance to match wits with a man who had fooled the best brains on the police force. I asked that we be allowed to look over the cell. As we left the room where Larry the Bat was sitting, grinning, I looked into his piggy eyes. His face was

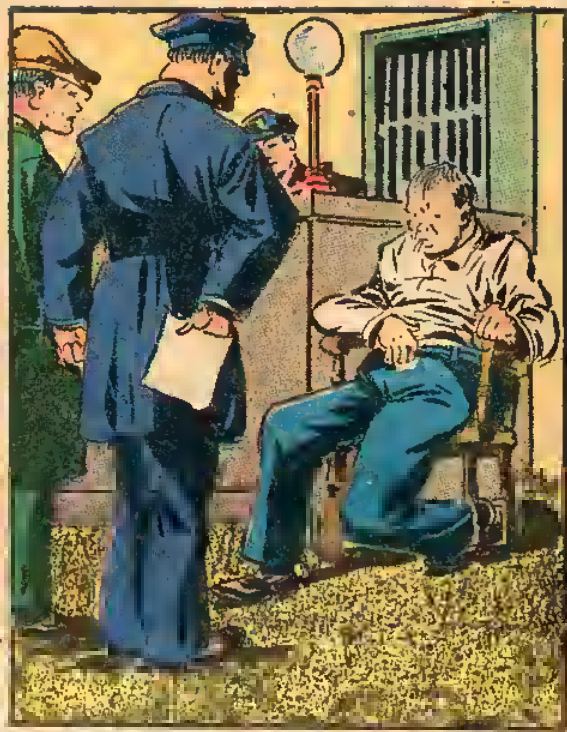
wreathed in cigarette smoke from the butt that dangled from the corner of his mouth. His eyes were quizzical as if he were daring me to figure out his method.

"Right then and there I determined to outsmart him if I could. Somehow there's no type of criminal for whom I have less pity than a fire setter. They are completely devoid of humanity. It matters not in the least, to them, that countless people may die in the fires they set. All they care about is the paltry sum they get for the job."

Chick's face was set in a grimace of disgust as he went on, "Well, all that to one side, we went over the cell with a fine tooth comb. There was no writing equipment of any kind. There seemingly was no earthly way he could have written a note, no less sent it outside. The only thing we found and it upset Sue, was a rat hole in one corner of the cell.



"We went back to the room where Larry was under twenty-four hour-a-day guard and I looked at him. I had one little idea and I investigated it. I thought that if he had a shine on his shoes, he might have used the metal tips on his shoe laces to scrape some of the shoe blacking off with, and then used the tip as a pen to write with. But my first glance threw that idea out of



court. He was wearing suede shoes. My idea was all wet!"

Sue broke in at this point and said, "So that's why you looked so glum when we went back. I couldn't understand why you were staring at his shoes in disgust!"

Chick laughed, "I didn't think I was that transparent. However, I had an idea as to how he had gotten the message out of prison. I told the detective, in front of Larry, to be sure and stop up the rat hole in Larry's cell before they returned him to it. That annoyed Larry. His face showed that I was right about that! You see, the only thing I could figure was that Larry must have known that the rat hole led outside. If it did, all Larry had to do was catch the rat and tie his note to its neck, then with his friends waiting outside, they'd catch the rat and get the note! As it turned out, Larry had trapped the rat, petted it and made friends with it, which wasn't too hard for a human rat like himself . . ."

The girls in the Inner Circle shuddered at the idea of such a pet.

Chick went on, "I had spiked one of his guns, but that wasn't enough, as long as he was able to write notes, there was always the chance he might find some other way to get them out . . ."

Beef suddenly chuckled, "Gee, he was mad when you asked him if he had a handkerchief! And he was even madder when you made him pull his shirt out of his pants!"

"That made me feel a little better I must confess," said Chick, "you see, I figured that the cloth of a handkerchief could serve for a writing base and also that the tail of a man's shirt is pretty big . . . Sure enough, he'd ripped a whole section of shirt tail off! That was what he'd written on, but the problem still remained as to what he'd written with!"



Chick paused and allowed the members of the Inner Circle to cudgel their brains for a moment about the problem that Larry the Bat had set. Nothing in the cell that could be used as ink nothing on the person of Larry, and yet somehow he'd managed to get out a message . . .

Chick waited till he saw by the members' expressions that they were getting nowhere and then he said, "Perhaps it's not quite fair, you see, I had the clue before me all the time, that was why I was able to solve the problem finally . . ."

Beef said, "Yeah, Sue and I had the same clue in front of us too and we didn't dope it out!"

Chick shrugged modestly and said, "Well, it was just luck, I happened to remember

something that Nick showed me a long time ago. It was that that solved Larry's riddle for me!"

One of the members called out, "What was the clue?"

"The fact that Larry was smoking all the time! The cigarette was the answer!" Chick said.

"What? Do you mean to say he burnt out the message in the cloth?" Asked the member.

Chick shook his head. "No, that was one idea I had, but the burning would have made a smell that would have been noticed. No, it was a much cleverer idea than that . . . First, however, let me tell you what Nick showed me. It is a misconception that a lot of people have. They confuse the tar in tobacco with nicotine. You must at one time or another have seen a smoker exhale a mouthful of smoke through a handkerchief? It leaves a brown smudge. Well, I asked Nick about this. You see, I thought the smudge was nicotine. Nick laughed at me and told me that if there were that much nicotine in a cigarette all smokers would be dead in five minutes. The smudge is really tar.

"Remembering this was what settled Larry the Bat! I asked the detective to light a cigarette and exhale through his hanky. He looked at me as if I was crazy but did as I asked. When he saw the brown smudge it left and looked at Larry's face, he knew that we had the answer. You see, all Larry had done was spell out his message in smoke. This left smudgy letters that were quite legible!" Chick paused then added, "And that you see, is why we were late to the meeting today!"

Beef said, "Oh sure, just brush it off casual like. You solve in a half an hour something that has had the cops nuts for two days and then you say, 'That's why we were late.'"

Chick grinned and said, "Now, now, we mustn't be bitter . . . However, now that I have made my apology, Let's get to work on the matters for this meeting . . ."

You'll have to wait till next month for this report, but it's well worth waiting for . . . Don't miss next month's story in Chick Carter's Inner Circle . . .

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STREET AND SMITH COMICS

MURDER IN DRESSING ROOM 4

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS

ANOTHER THRILLING NEWS-PAPER ADVENTURE OF "BING" DALGREN, FAMOUS STAR REPORTER OF THE TIMES-NEWS. STORY & PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



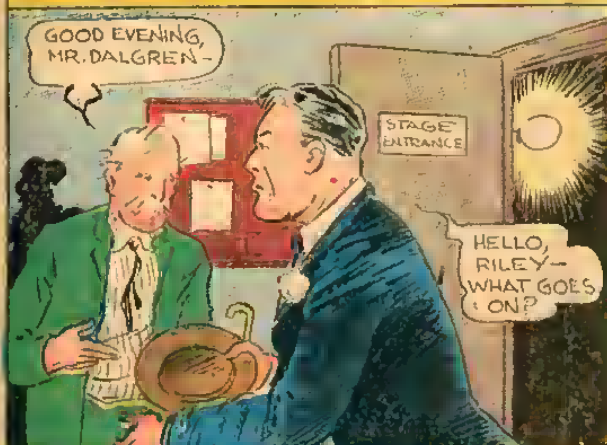
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ASK YOUR KIND INDULGENCE FOR THIS BRIEF DELAY AND ASSURE YOU THE PERFORMANCE WILL CONTINUE IN A FEW MINUTES—THANK YOU—



IT WAS THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 17, 1938—A GALA, FASHIONABLE AUDIENCE WAS PRESENT AT THE OPENING OF A NEW PLAY—FAMOUS NAMES AND FACES—

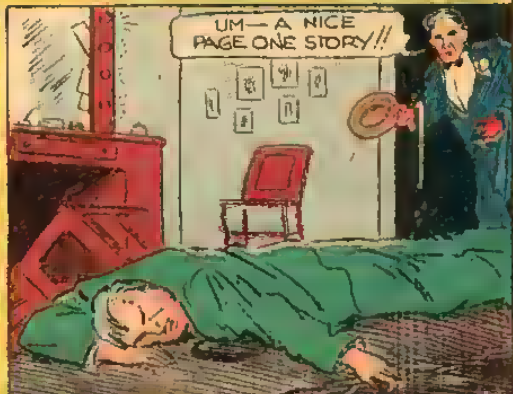
"BING" DALGREN, NOTED REPORTER, ALWAYS ATTENDED FIRST-NIGHT PERFORMANCES AT THE THEATER AND WAS SEATED IN THE THIRD ROW ON THE AISLE—THE FIRST AND SECOND ACTS HAD ENDED AND THE CURTAIN WAS DOWN, WAITING FOR THE THIRD AND LAST ACT—IT LOOKED LIKE A SMASH HIT—

BUT THERE WAS AN INTERMINABLE INTERLUDE DURING THIS INTERMISSION—PEOPLE BEGAN TO WHISPER IMPATIENTLY TO ONE ANOTHER—WHY DIDN'T THE CURTAIN RISE FOR THE THIRD ACT?—FINALLY THE STAGE MANAGER APPEARED BEFORE THE CURTAIN AND ASKED THE AUDIENCE TO BEAR WITH THE BRIEF DELAY DUE TO UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES—THE PLAY WOULD CONTINUE SHORTLY—



GOOD EVENING, MR. DALGREN—

HELLO, RILEY—WHAT GOES ON?



UM—A NICE PAGE ONE STORY!!

DALGREN BECAME CURIOUS—HE LEFT HIS SEAT, MADE HIS WAY OUTSIDE, DOWN AN ALLEY AND ENTERED THE STAGE DOOR, RECOGNIZED BY THE OLD STAGE DOORMAN—AT THE DOOR OF DRESSING ROOM 4 BING SAW THE STAGE MANAGER, AND—

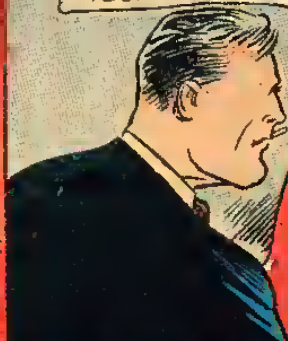
SEVERAL STAGE HANDS IN A HIGH STATE OF EXCITEMENT—DALGREN ENTERED THE DRESSING ROOM—STRETCHED ON THE FLOOR DEAD WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD WAS ROLAND DEMOREST, A FEATURED PLAYER, WHO HAD APPEARED IN THE FIRST TWO ACTS—

HELLO, CITY DESK?
THIS IS DALGREN—I'VE
GOT A MURDER YARN—
PUT A REWRITE MAN ON
THE PHONE TO TAKE IT—
IT'S HOT, MARTY—



THE POLICE HAD NOT YET
ARRIVED—UNNOTICED, DALGREN
"SNATCHED" SOME PHOTOS
FROM THE DEAD ACTORS'
WALLS AND EXAMINED THE
ROOM—THEN HE DASHED
OUT AND PHONED THE CITY
DESK OF THE TIMES-NEWS—
BUT DALGREN WANTED TO
FIND THE MURDERER—

MISS KNIGHT, BY THE
WAY, I'M SURE MY
PAPER WOULD LIKE TO
PRINT THE STORY OF
YOUR GREAT SUCCESS—

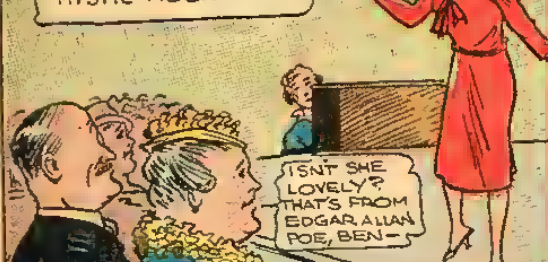


HOW SWEET, MR. DALGREN—
EVERYONE HAS BEEN SO
GOOD TO ME—EVERYONE—
REALLY—I SHALL TELL YOU
THE STORY OF, SHALL WE
SAY, MY
METEORIC
CAREER—



NEXT DAY HE INTERVIEWED THE GLAMOROUS STAR, GLORIA KNIGHT
AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CAST—ALL AGREED THAT
DEMAREST WAS A SPLENDID MAN AND ACTOR—IN THE MEANTIME
NO CLUES HAD BEEN OBTAINED BY THE POLICE—BING ASKED
MISS KNIGHT TO TELL THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND SUBSEQUENT
SUCCESS IN THE THEATER—

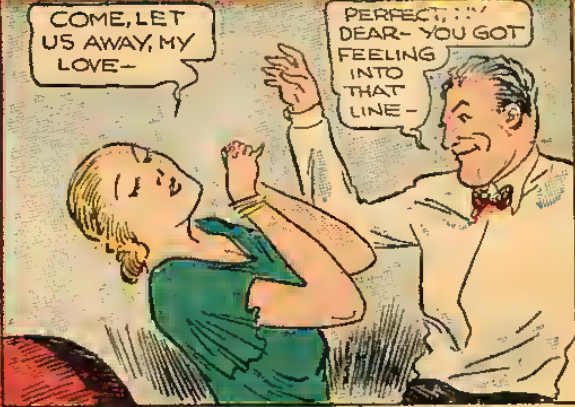
—AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE
MONTH OF JUNE,
I STAND BENEATH THE
MYSTIC MOON—



ISN'T SHE
LOVELY?
THAT'S FROM
EDGAR ALLAN
POE, BEN—

COME, LET
US AWAY, MY
LOVE—

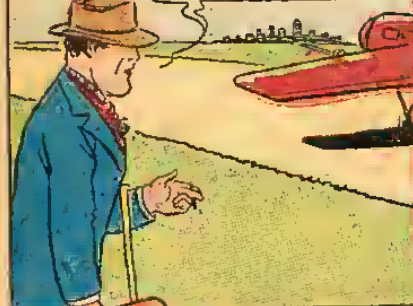
PERFECT, ...
DEAR— YOU GOT
FEELING
INTO
THAT
LINE—



THIS IS WHAT MISS KNIGHT TOLD DALGREN:
SHE WAS BORN IN HUMPHREYVILLE, INDIANA—NEVER
MIND THE DATE—HER FIRST INTEREST IN DRAMA
WAS WHEN SHE RECITED VERSE IN HIGH SCHOOL—
YES, HER REAL NAME WAS "KNIGHT"—

"THEN," SAID MISS KNIGHT, "I WENT TO CHICAGO AND
TOOK DRAMA LESSONS. FROM THERE I PLAYED
PARTS IN SOME ROAD COMPANIES AND FINALLY
TO HOLLYWOOD. FROM FEATURED ACTRESS I WAS
GIVEN A STARRING ROLE SUPPORTED BY WELL-
KNOWN ACTORS—" (THEN SHE GAVE BING AN AUTO-
GRAPHED PHOTO OF HERSELF)

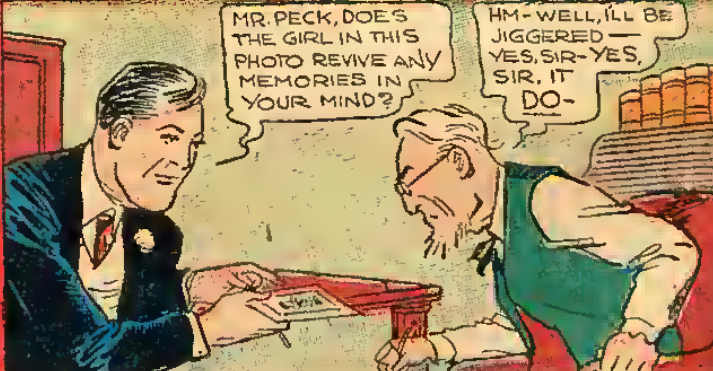
SOME JILL'S HAVE
TERRIFIC IMAGINATIONS—
I'LL JUST LOOK UP LITTLE
RED RIDING HOOD'S
BACKGROUND—



DALGREN HAD HEARD STAGE STORIES
BEFORE—HE DETERMINED TO FLY
OUT TO HUMPHREYVILLE, INDIANA, AND
CHECK ON GLORIA KNIGHT—THAT
EVENING HE WAS ON HIS WAY—

MR. PECK, DOES
THE GIRL IN THIS
PHOTO REVIVE ANY
MEMORIES IN
YOUR MIND?

HM—WELL, I'LL BE
JIGGERED—
YES, SIR—YES,
SIR, IT
DO—



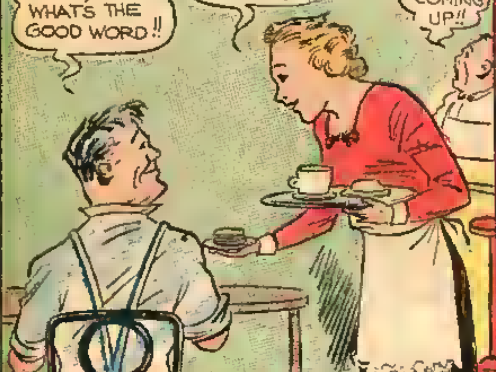
AT HUMPHREYVILLE HE FIRST LOOKED UP THE RECORDS IN THE
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS BUT FOUND NO BABY EVER REGISTERED
AS GLORIA KNIGHT—THEN HE INTERVIEWED NUMEROUS
RESIDENTS WHO ONLY KNEW OF HER AS A MOVIE STAR—
AT LAST DALGREN CAME UPON AN ELDERLY JUSTICE OF
THE PEACE TO WHOM HE SHOWED THE PHOTO MISS KNIGHT
HAD GIVEN HIM—THEN THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN—

THIS IS WHAT THE OLD JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, CY PECK, TOLD HIM—

HI YA, KITTY—
WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD!!

HI, MAC—
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

ONE STEW
COMING UP!!

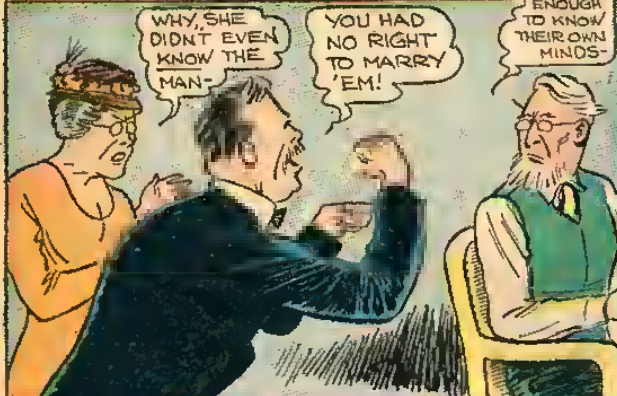


IDENTIFYING THE PHOTO AS THE PICTURE OF A KITTY JOHNSON, THE OLD MAN REMEMBERED HER AS WORKING ONCE IN THE GEM RESTAURANT ON WALNUT STREET—SHE CAME FROM A SIMPLE BUT RESPECTABLE FAMILY LIVING IN THE FACTORY PART OF TOWN—

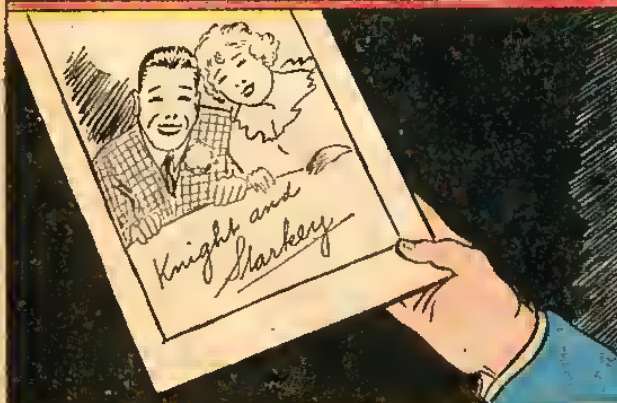
WHY, SHE DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW THE MAN—

YOU HAD
NO RIGHT
TO MARRY
'EM!

THEY
WERE
BOTH OLD
ENOUGH
TO KNOW
THEIR OWN
MINDS—

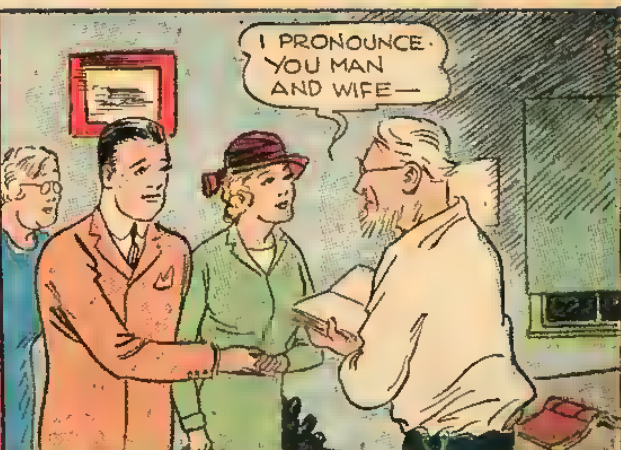


HE RECALLED ONLY TOO WELL HOW ANGRY KITTY'S PARENTS WERE AT THE TIME AND BLAMED HIM (THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE) FOR MARRYING THEM—



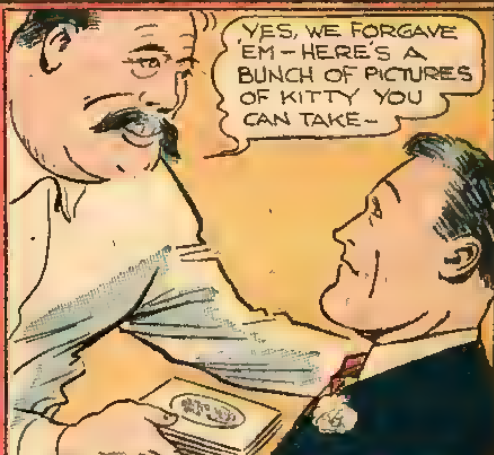
THEY ALSO GAVE BING A PHOTO OF KITTY AND HER VAUDEVILLE PARTNER (HER HUSBAND) WHEN THEY FIRST APPEARED IN A 'DOUBLE ACT' IN CHICAGO—YES, THE MAN'S NAME WAS DAN STARKEY—

I PRONOUNCE
YOU MAN
AND WIFE—



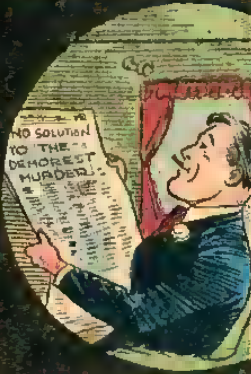
HE RECALLED THAT TEN YEARS BEFORE, MAY 5, 1928, KITTY JOHNSON AND ONE DAN STARKEY HAD COME TO HIS HOUSE AT 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND HE HAD PERFORMED A WEDDING CEREMONY—IT WAS AN ELOPEMENT—HE REMEMBERED THAT STARKEY WAS A "HOOFER" PLAYING A THREE-NIGHT STAND AT HUMPHREYVILLE'S ELITE THEATER—

YES, WE FORGAVE
'EM—HERE'S A
BUNCH OF PICTURES
OF KITTY YOU
CAN TAKE—

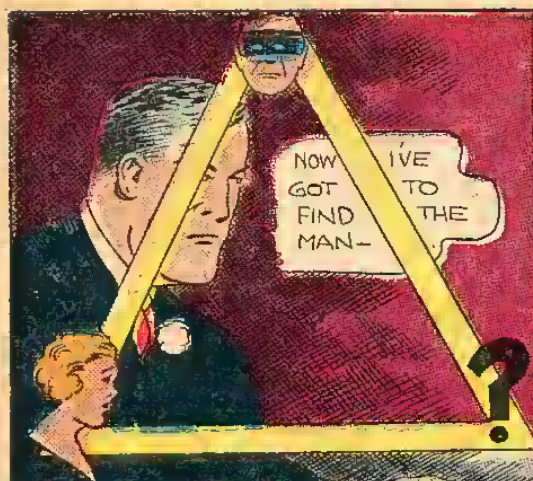


WITH THIS INFORMATION BING DALGREN HASTENED TO INTERVIEW KITTY'S MOTHER AND FATHER—THEY HAD LONG SINCE FORGIVEN KITTY (NOW GLORIA KNIGHT) THEY SAID—KITTY HAD ALWAYS BEEN A HARD WORKING GIRL WHEN HOME—BING ASKED FOR SOME CHILDHOOD PICTURES OF KITTY AND THE OLD FOLKS PROUDLY GAVE HIM A DOZEN—THEY HAD, OF COURSE, NOT LEARNED OF THE TRAGEDY IN THE DRESSING ROOM—

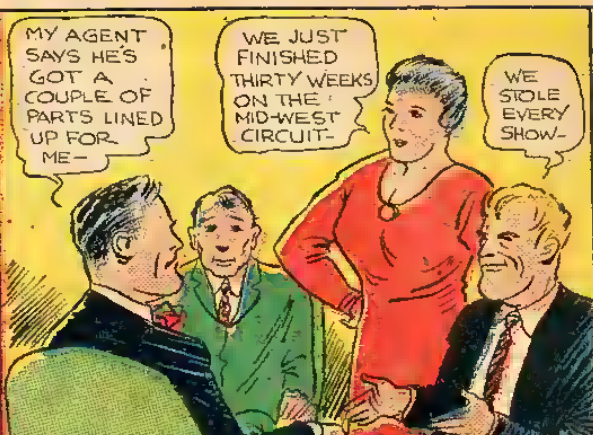
HM—THEY STILL
SEEM TO BE
BOOTING THAT
MYSTERY AROUND
BACK IN THE
CITY—



NEXT DAY ON THE WAY BACK TO NEW YORK BY PLANE DALGREN WENT THROUGH A BATCH OF NEWSPAPERS—THE POLICE WERE STILL BAFFLED.



THE FRENCH POLICE HAD A CUSTOM OF SAYING, WHEN A CRIME WAS COMMITTED, "FIND THE WOMAN."—BING NOW KNEW WHO THE WOMAN WAS—HIS PROBLEM WAS TO FIND THE MAN HE SUSPECTED—DEMAREST OBVIOUSLY, HAD BEEN INVOLVED IN A TRIANGLE WITH GLORIA KNIGHT, ALIAS KITTY JOHNSON—BUT HOW?—DALGREN WENT TO WORK—



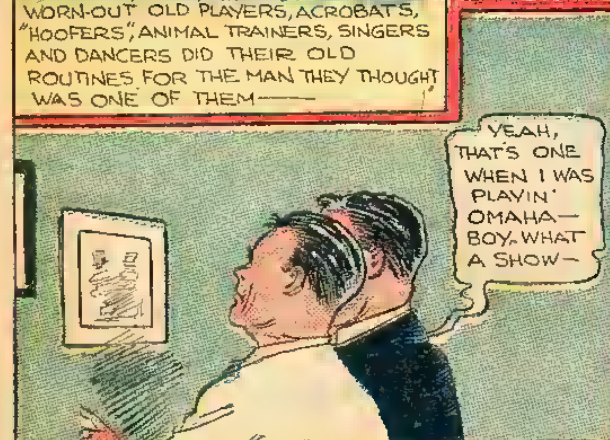
FOR THREE LONG MONTHS THE FAMOUS REPORTER, IN THE GUISE OF AN ACTOR, COVERED EVERY KNOWN ACTORS' BOARDING HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY—ACTORS "AT LIBERTY" (OUT OF WORK) AND RETIRED ONES LIVED IN THESE PLACES—



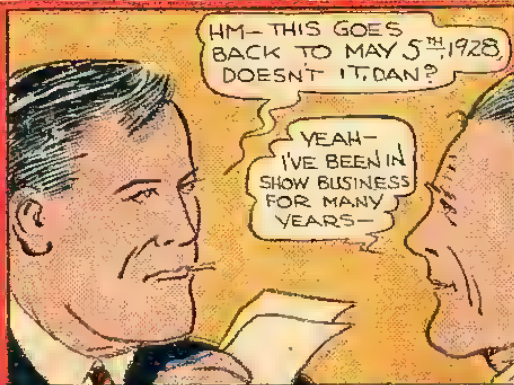
WORN-OUT OLD PLAYERS, ACROBATS, "HOOFERS", ANIMAL TRAINERS, SINGERS AND DANCERS DID THEIR OLD ROUTINES FOR THE MAN THEY THOUGHT WAS ONE OF THEM—



ALMOST READY TO ADMIT DEFEAT, DALGREN REGISTERED AT ONE MORE "ACTORS' HOME"—THERE HE MET A ONCE HANDSOME MAN—COMPARATIVELY YOUNG IN YEARS, THIS ACTOR'S FACE WAS SEAMED BY WORRY—THEY AT ONCE BECAME CLUBBY—DALGREN POSED AS AN EX-SINGER—



DALGREN'S NEW FRIEND'S NAME WAS "DAN STARKEY"—STARKEY SAID HE WAS AN OLD "HOOFER", POINTED TO PROFESSIONAL PICTURES ON THE WALL AND THEN WENT INTO AN IMPROMPTU DANCE—



STARKEY RELATED HIS STAGE EXPERIENCES AND EXHIBITED HIS PRESS NOTICES—AMONG THEM WAS ONE FROM THE HUMPHREYVILLE DAILY RECORD—THE DATE CORRESPONDED WITH THE DAY THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE HAD MARRIED DAN STARKEY AND KITTY JOHNSON—MAY 5, 1928—

DEMOREST
MURDER
STILL UNSOLVED

THE DAILY PAPERS
CONTINUED TO
DEMAND THE ARREST
OF THE KILLER.

THIS IS YOU
AND MISS
KNIGHT, IS
IT, DAN?

YEAH, THAT
WAS A SWELL
TEAM, PAL—

BUT SHE
DITCHED ME—
WALKED OUT
ON ME—
GOT AN
INFLATED
HEAD—
FELL IN
LOVE WITH
ANOTHER
GUY—

STARKEY SHOWED HIM SOME PHOTOS—ONE OF THEM WAS
A PICTURE OF HIMSELF AND HIS FORMER PARTNER, GLORIA KNIGHT—
THE TEAM WAS KNOWN AS "KNIGHT AND STARKEY,"
SOPHISTICATED SINGERS AND DANCERS—

SUDDENLY STARKEY'S FEATURES
CHANGED—HE ALMOST SHOUTED THAT
GLORIA KNIGHT HAD DESERTED
HIM AND DISOWNED HIM—
HE (STARKEY) HELPED HER GET
HER START IN SHOW BUSINESS—
SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE
ELSE WHILE STARKEY COULDN'T
GET A BOOKING ANYWHERE—
BUT HE STILL LOVED HER—

WELCOME,
MR.
PECK—

I DO
DECLARE—
HOWDY, MR. DALGREN

ALL THIS BEGAN TO FORM A PATTERN IN
BING DALGREN'S KEEN MIND—BUT HE WANTED
TO BE SURE—THUS, HE SENT TWO COMPLI-
MENTARY AIRPLANE TICKETS TO THE OLD
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AT HUMPHREYVILLE AND
HIS WIFE TO COME TO NEW YORK CITY AT HIS
(DALGREN'S) EXPENSE FOR A WEEKEND—THE
ELDERLY COUPLE WAS GAME AND ARRIVED
ON TIME—

DALGREN NOW KNEW THAT EVERY EVENING JUST
AFTER GLORIA KNIGHT'S PLAY BEGAN STARKEY
WOULD AMBLE DOWN TO THE THEATER ENTRANCE
AND PAUSE A FEW MINUTES TO LOOK AT HER
PICTURE—ANOTHER ACTOR HAD LONG
SINCE TAKEN OVER DEMOREST'S ROLE—

GLORIA KNIGHT

YEP, THAT'S
HIM, MR.
DALGREN—
THAT'S DAN
STARKEY,
ALL RIGHT—

YOU'RE
QUITE
SURE
ARE YOU,
MR. PECK?

I'VE FOUND THE MURDERER
OF DEMOREST, BOSS—HERE—
ARE PHOTOS OF THE BIRD—HIS
WIFE—EVERYBODY—
WE'VE SKINNED
THE TOWN—

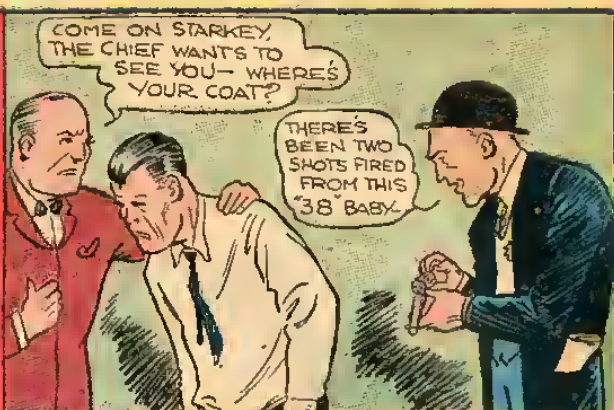
PERSONALLY I
THINK YOU'RE
CRAZY, BING—
BUT IN THE
RIGHT
DIRECTION—

THE FIRST NIGHT THE OLD JUSTICE AND HIS WIFE
WERE IN THE CITY. DALGREN TOOK THE JUSTICE
TO THE THEATER ENTRANCE WHERE HE IDENTIFIED
STARKEY AS THE MAN HE HAD MARRIED TO
KITTY JOHNSON—

THAT WAS ENOUGH!—BING DASHED DOWN TO
THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE WITH EVERY PHOTO
OF GLORIA KNIGHT (KITTY JOHNSON) HE HAD OBTAINED,
TOGETHER WITH PICTURES OF STARKEY—
IT WAS A GAMBLER'S CHANCE—



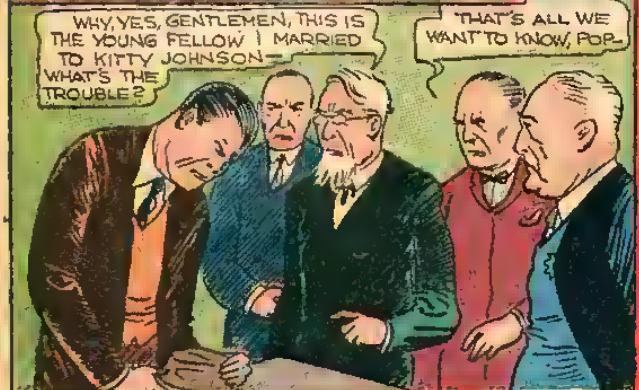
LIEUTENANT, I WANT YOU MEN TO BRING IN DAN STARKEY FOR MURDER—THE WARRANT IS READY—
YES, SIR—
YESSIR, CHIEF—



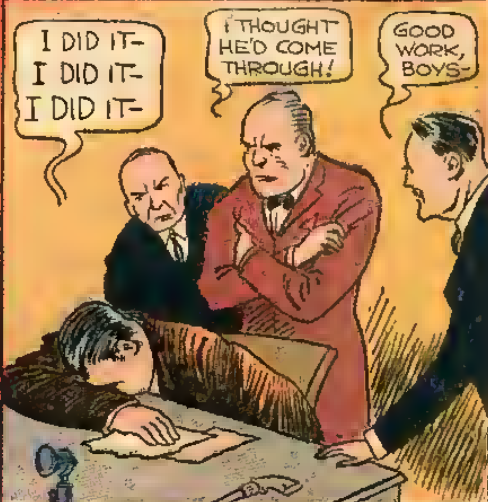
COME ON STARKEY, THE CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU— WHERE'S YOUR COAT?
THERE'S BEEN TWO SHOTS FIRED FROM THIS ".38" BABY.

FROM THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE BING WENT TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HEAD-QUARTERS AND REPORTED THAT THE MURDERER OF ROLAND DEMOREST HAD BEEN FOUND—THE D.A.'S OFFICE SPRANG INTO LIGHTNING ACTION—

STARKEY WAS ARRESTED BY THE POLICE, HIS ROOM SEARCHED AND A PISTOL FOUND WITH TWO EMPTY CHAMBERS—THE MAN WAS BESIDE HIMSELF—



WHY, YES, GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE YOUNG FELLOW I MARRIED TO KITTY JOHNSON— WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW, POP—



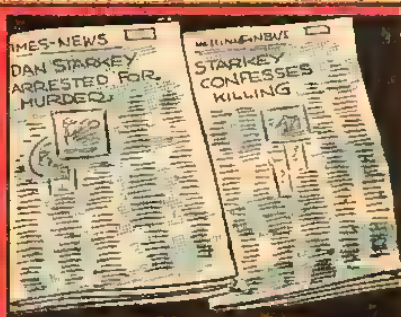
I DID IT— I DID IT— I DID IT—
I THOUGHT HE'D COME THROUGH!
GOOD WORK, BOYS—

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE WAS SUMMONED AGAIN TO IDENTIFY STARKEY—THIS TIME BEFORE THE LAW-ENFORCING OFFICERS—THE OLD MAN STILL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ALL THE HULLABALOO WAS ABOUT—

UNDER PRESSURE OF PERSISTENT QUESTIONING STARKEY BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED THAT HE HAD MURDERED ROLAND DEMOREST, THE RIVAL FOR HIS WIFE'S LOVE—



CALL FOR KITTY JOHNSON— CALL FOR KITTY JOHNSON!



TIMES-NEWS
DAN STARKEY ARRESTED FOR MURDER

MILWAUKEE
STARKEY CONFESSES KILLING

THOUGH HE HAD, SINGLE-HANDED RUN DOWN THE MURDERER, DALGREN WAS SYMPATHETIC WITH POOR STARKEY—AS A FINAL RESERVE BING THREW A BOLLER IN A DARK ALLEY HOTEL TO PAGE HER UNDER HER REAL NAME—HE THOUGHT SHE RATED A JOLT FOR DESERTING STARKEY—

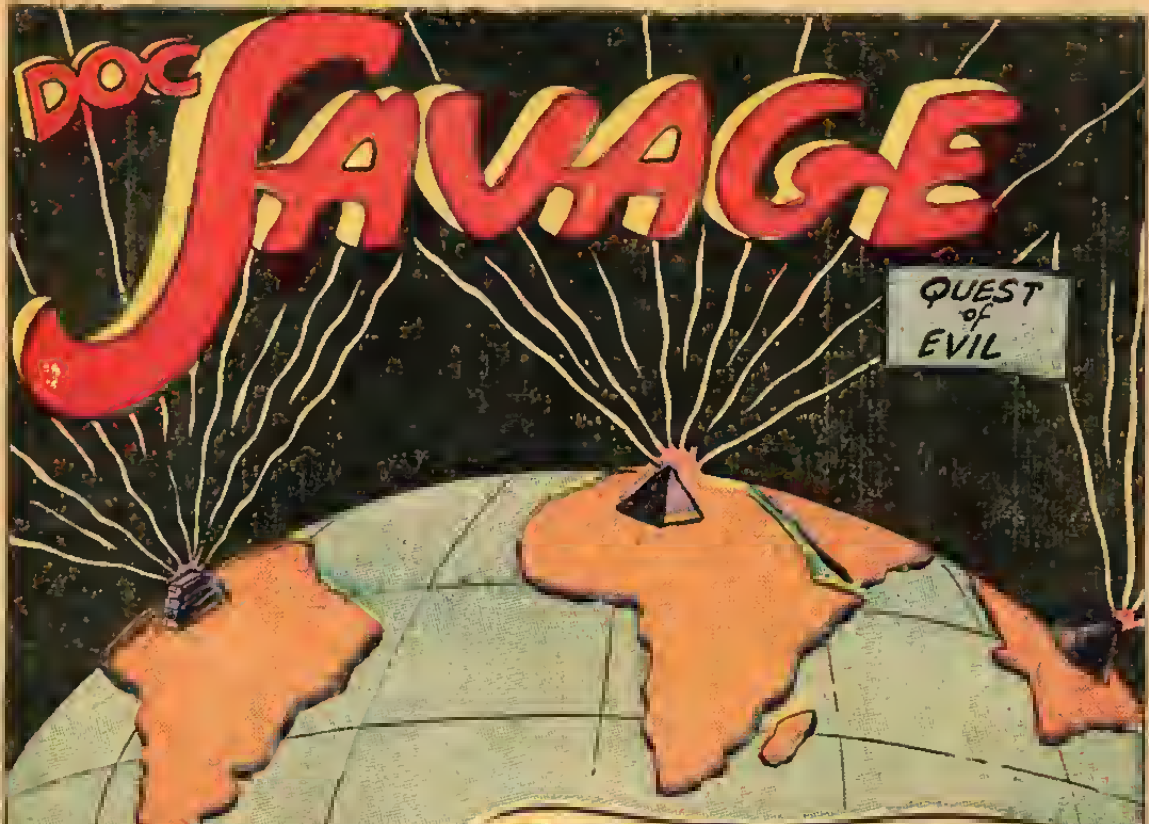
DALGREN SCOOPED THE TOWN AGAIN

THORNTON P. SHEPARD

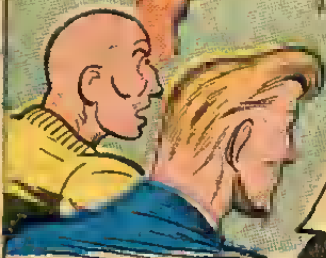
DOC

SAVAGE

QUEST
of
EVIL



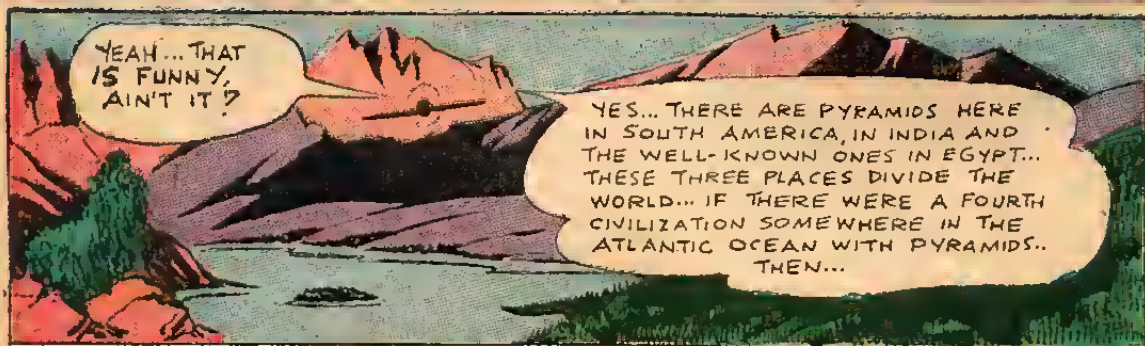
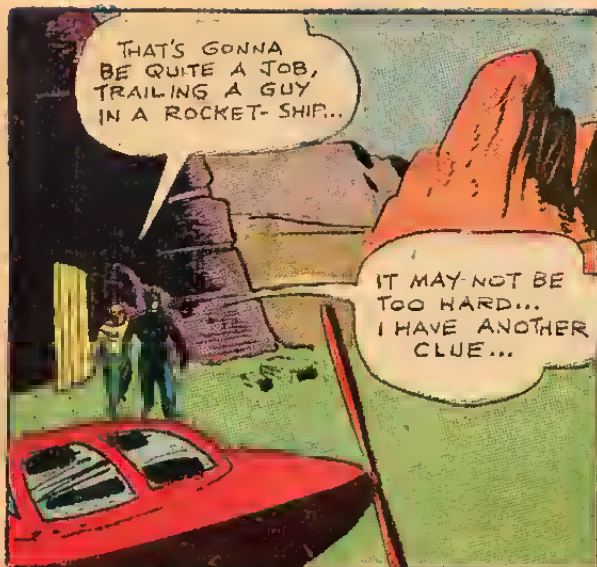
WHEN DOC AND MONK TRACKED DOWN THEIR FIRST CLUE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THAT WHICH SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO PERPETUATE EVIL ON OUR EARTH, THEY FOUND AN AGE-OLD PYRAMID IN SOUTH AMERICA, THERE THEY MET AND TANGLED WITH WHAT THEY THOUGHT WAS A GIRL NAMED SINISTRARI... SHE TURNED OUT TO BE A ROBOT, CONTROLLED BY AN INCREDIBLY AGED OLD MAN... DOC AND MONK ARE STILL IN THE PYRAMID, FROM WHICH THE OTHERS ESCAPED...



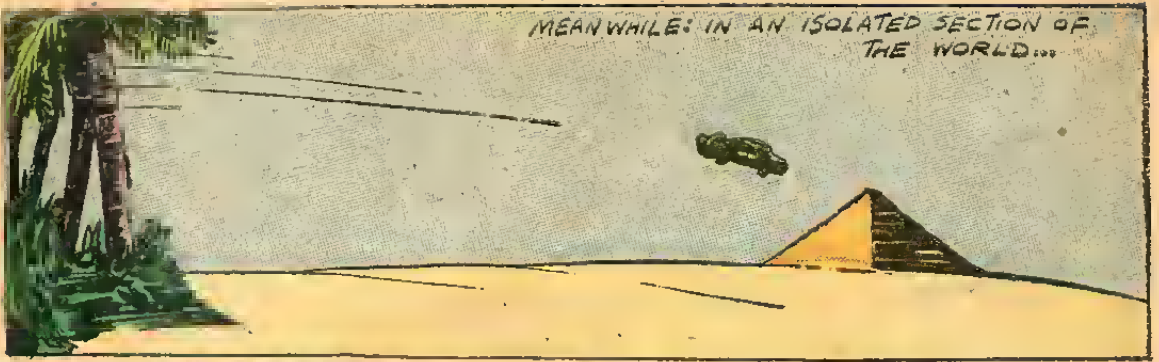
I THINK WE HAVE LOOKED AS MUCH AS WE CAN. IT IS AS WE THOUGHT, THERE **IS** A PLOT, THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD... THERE **ARE** PEOPLE, IF THEY CAN BE CALLED THAT, WHO KEEP THROWING THE WORLD INTO WARS...

WADDY'WE
DO?

TRAIL
THEM
DOWN!



MEANWHILE: IN AN ISOLATED SECTION OF
THE WORLD...



AT
LAST...

THE ONE IS
HERE! THE ONE
THAT EATS ALL
WITH ITS FIERY
BREATH HAS
DEIGNED TO AGAIN
VISIT US!



PIGS! IT IS
FITTING THAT
YOU FALL AND
DEBASE YOURSELF
BEFORE SUCH AS
I... AND MY
FRIEND...

I STILL DO NOT
UNDERSTAND WHY
WE RAN FROM THOSE
TWO MEN! ARE
YOU NOT THE ALL-
POWERFUL?



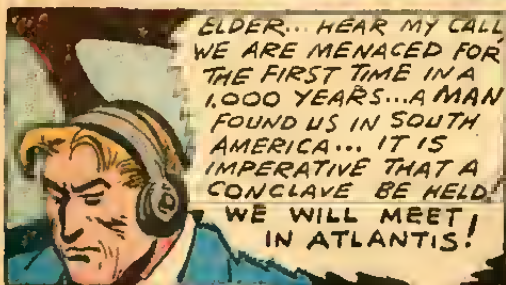
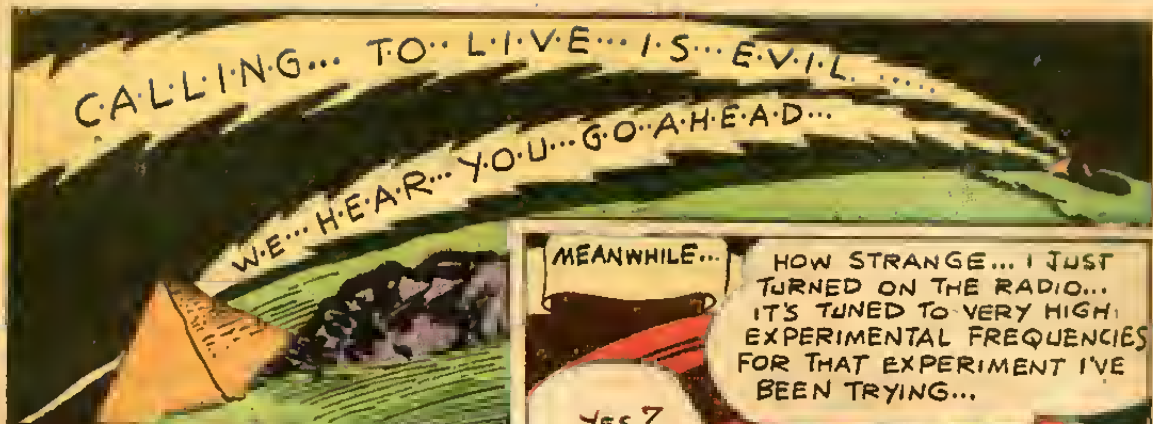
OF COURSE, I AM ALL
POWERFUL... BUT, IN AN
EVENT LIKE THIS, THE FIRST
TIME THAT THIS FOUL BREED
HAS EVER BECOME AWARE OF
US, I MUST CONFER WITH
THE OTHER ELDERS. AS TO
WHAT COURSE TO FOLLOW...

OH... I SEE...
FORGIVE ME
FOR DOUBTING
THY ALL
KNOWINGNESS...

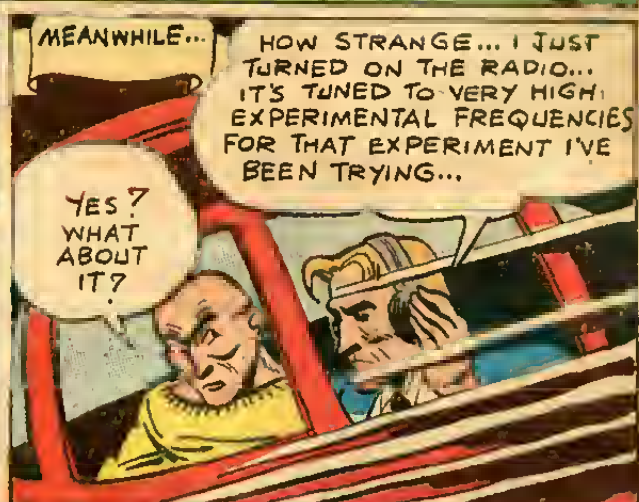


CALLING... CALLING...
HEAR ME... TO LIVE IS
EVIL... LIVE IS EVIL...
HEAR MY CALL AND
ANSWER...

A MEETING-
OF THE ELDERS...
IT HAS NOT
HAPPENED FOR
A 1,000 YEARS!
AH...
REAL EVIL
WILL COME
FROM THIS!



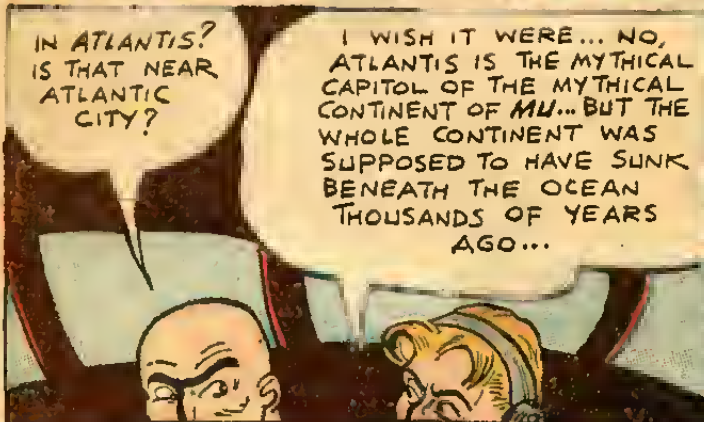
ELDER... HEAR MY CALL
WE ARE MENACED FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN A
1,000 YEARS... A MAN
FOUND US IN SOUTH
AMERICA... IT IS
IMPERATIVE THAT A
CONCLAVE BE HELD!
WE WILL MEET!
IN ATLANTIS!



MEANWHILE...

HOW STRANGE... I JUST
TURNED ON THE RADIO...
IT'S TUNED TO VERY HIGH
EXPERIMENTAL FREQUENCIES
FOR THAT EXPERIMENT I'VE
BEEN TRYING...

YES?
WHAT
ABOUT
IT?



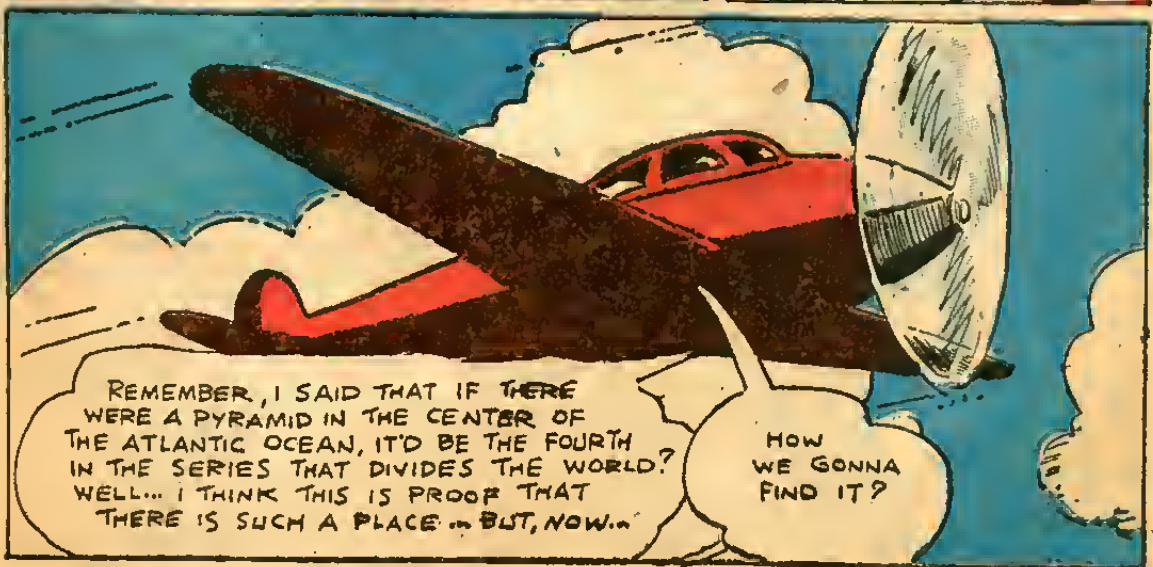
IN ATLANTIS?
IS THAT NEAR
ATLANTIC
CITY?

I WISH IT WERE... NO,
ATLANTIS IS THE MYTHICAL
CAPITOL OF THE MYTHICAL
CONTINENT OF MU... BUT THE
WHOLE CONTINENT WAS
SUPPOSED TO HAVE SUNK
BENEATH THE OCEAN
THOUSANDS OF YEARS
AGO...



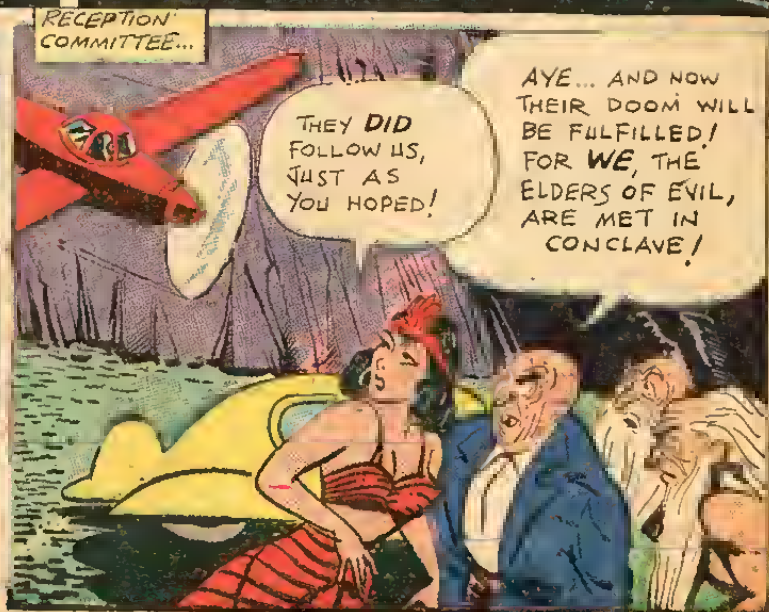
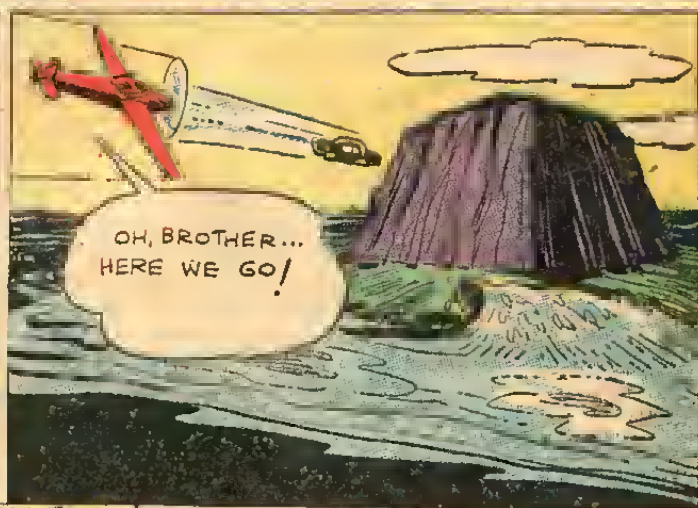
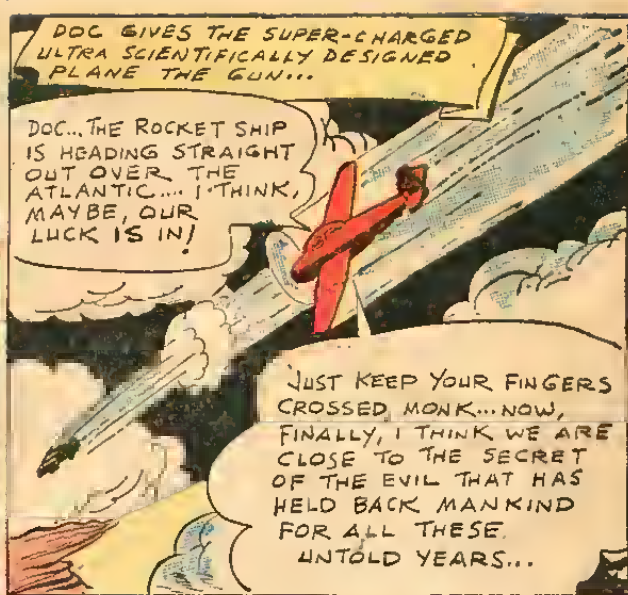
WE MUST
GET
THERE!

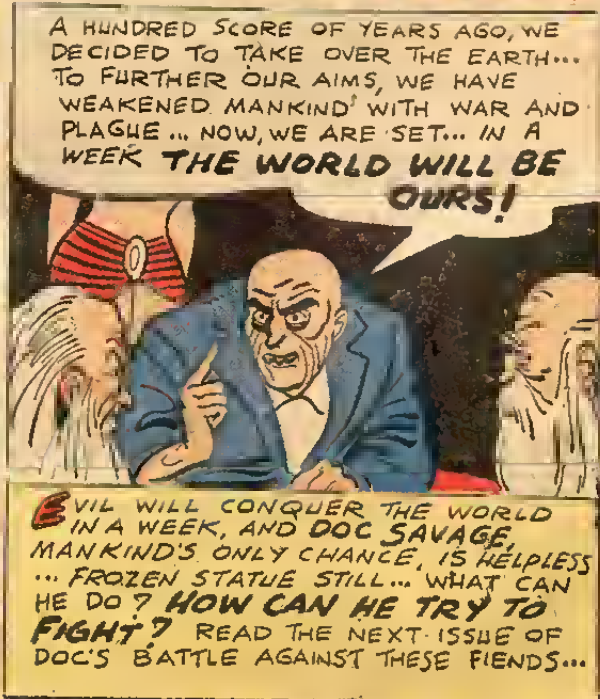
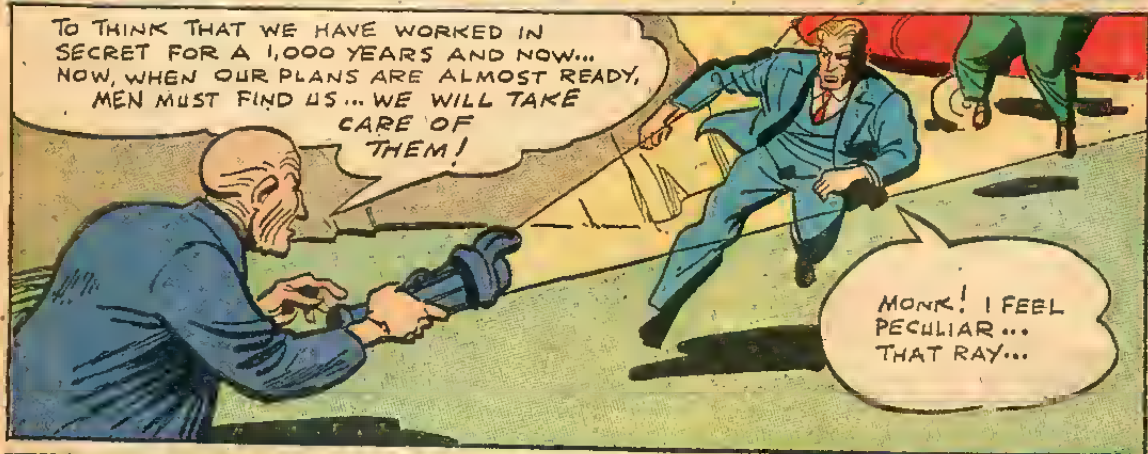
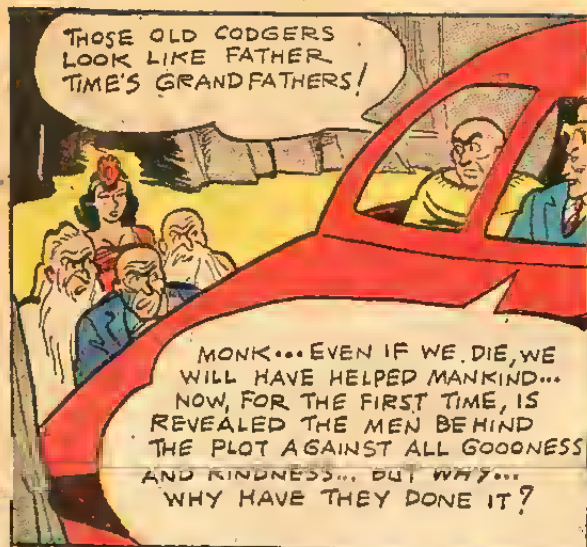
GEE, THAT'S
A CINC, ISN'T
IT? WE GOTTA
FIND A PLACE
THAT AIN'T!



REMEMBER, I SAID THAT IF THERE
WERE A PYRAMID IN THE CENTER OF
THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, IT'D BE THE FOURTH
IN THE SERIES THAT DIVIDES THE WORLD?
WELL... I THINK THIS IS PROOF THAT
THERE IS SUCH A PLACE... BUT, NOW...

HOW
WE GONNA
FIND IT?





FAMOUS PIRATES IN HISTORY.

CAPT PIERRE LE GRAND

FIRST PIRATE OF THE WEST INDIES!

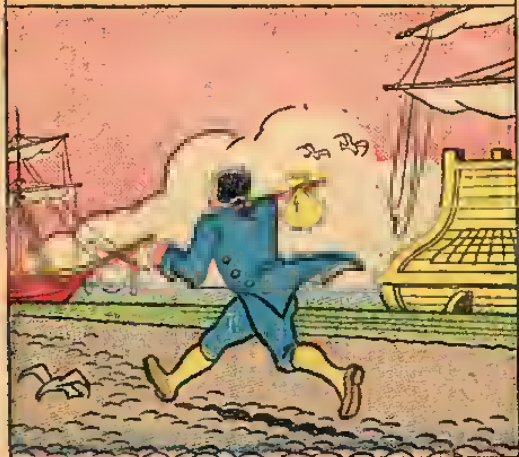
By CHARLES WESSELL

I NOW OWN THIS
GALLEON! LET HIM
WHO WOULD LIKE
TO DISAGREE —
SPEAK UP!!



ooo THE TRUE
STORY OF THE
NORMAN SAILOR
WHOSE ONE RASH
ACT MARKED THE
BEGINNING OF
PIRACY IN THE
WEST INDIES!

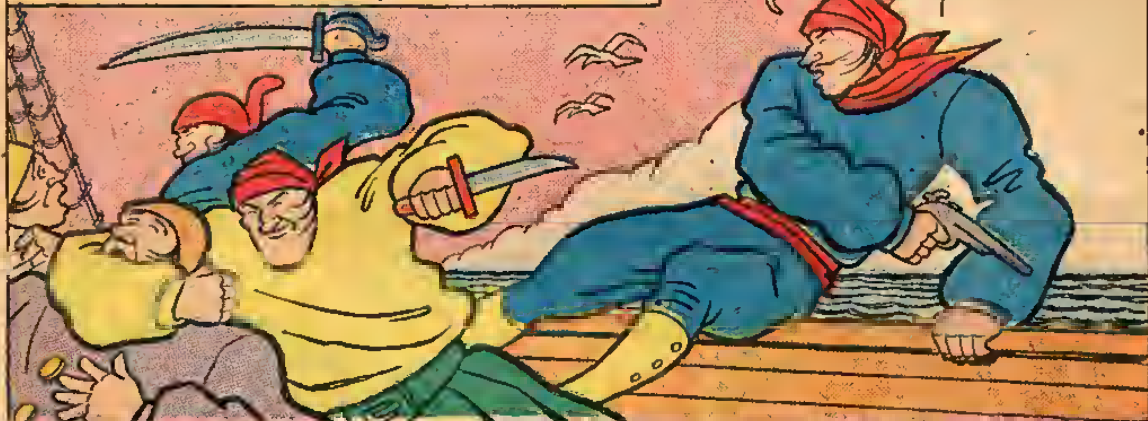
PIERRE LE GRAND WAS A NATIVE OF DIEPPE, NORMANDY AND RAN AWAY TO SEA AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.



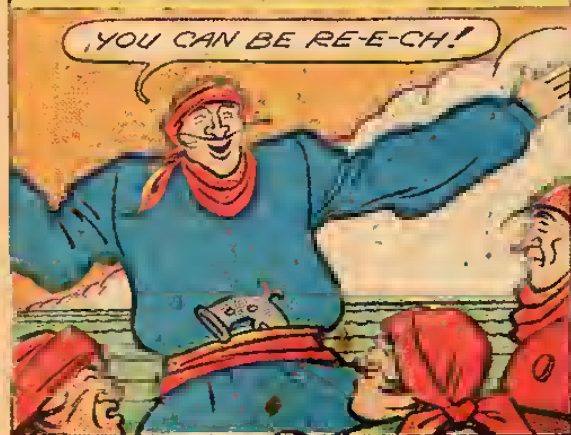
LATER, CAUGHT STEALING BRANDY AND GOLD FROM HIS CAPTAIN, HE WAS, UNFORTUNATELY, PUT ASHORE WITH ONLY A REPRIMAND!



A YOUNG MAN, BOLD AND FEARLESS BUT EVIL OF MIND, HE LED A GROUP OF DESPERADOES IN THE THEFT OF A SMALL VESSEL—ARMED HER—AND SAILED FOR TORTUGA ISLAND!



HE WAS THE FIRST PIRATE TO MAKE TORTUGA HIS HEAD-QUARTERS AND VISIONED GREAT FORTUNES TO BE HAD BY PREYING ON RICH SPANISH VESSELS.



SO, LIGHTLY PROVISIONED AND WITH SHORT WATER RATIONS HE BOLDLY SAILED FORTH "ON THE GRAND ACCOUNT"!



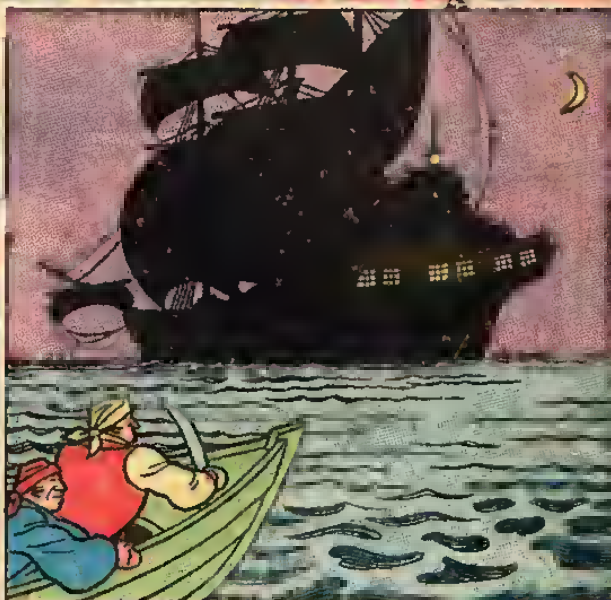
BUT AS THE DAYS ROLLED INTO WEEKS HE MET WITH NO SUCCESS. MEMBERS OF HIS CREW BEGAN TO DIE OF STARVATION AND THIRST!



BUT LE GRAND SAILED ON AND NEXT DAY WAS REWARDED BY A SHOUT FROM THE LOOK-OUT!



SUDDENLY THE WIND DROPPED—THE GALLEON WAS BE-CALMED, AND LE GRAND HIT UPON A MAD IDEA-----



... WITH ONLY A MERE HANDFUL OF MEN, ARMED WITH A SWORD AND PISTOL APIECE, HE CREPT UP ON THE HUGE, HEAVILY LADEN GALLEON IN THE DARKNESS AND-----

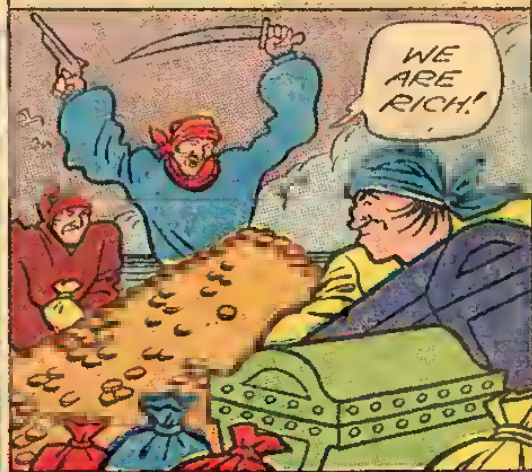


CLAMBERING UP THE SIDES, THOUGH WEAK FROM STARVATION, THEY MURDERED THE WATCH WITH CAT-LIKE SILENCE AND SPEED!

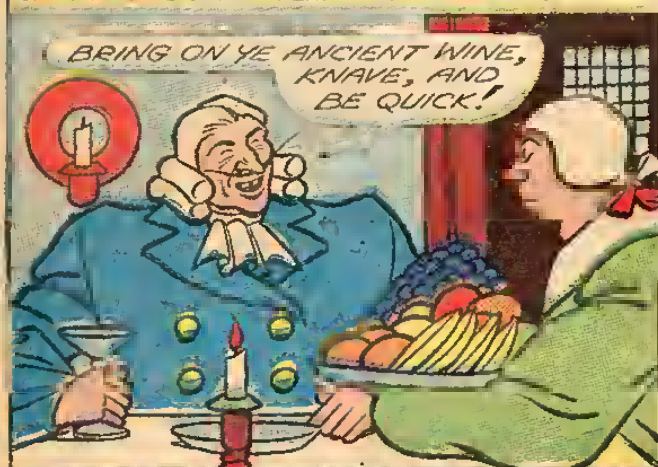
THEN THEY HURRIED TO THE GUN ROOM—SEIZED THE ARMS—AND KILLED EVERY SPANIARD IN THE WAY!



THE COUP WAS COMPLETE AND THE TREASURE IN GOLD AND JEWELS WAS ENORMOUS!



A SMART GAMBLER, PIERRE DECIDED TO QUIT WHILE AHEAD, AND RETIRED IN FRANCE TO A LIFE OF LUXURY!



BUT THE STORY DOES NOT END HERE.....

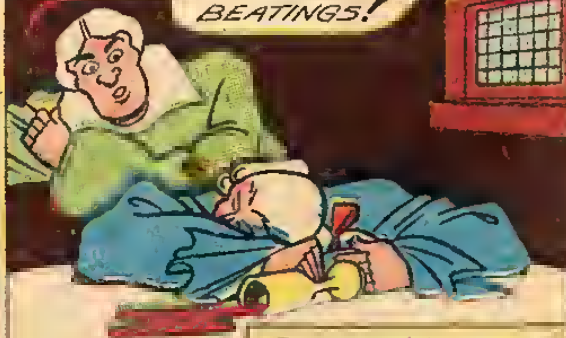
NEWS OF LE GRAND'S DARING EXPLOIT SPREAD ALL OVER THE WEST INDIES AND MEN DESERTED THEIR PLANTATIONS AND WORK OF BEEF-DRYING, TO GO A-PIRATING AGAINST THE SPANISH GALLEONS!

THUS, THIS ONE MAD ACT OF PIERRE LE GRAND'S MARKED THE BEGINNING OF PIRACY IN THE WEST INDIES DURING THE LAST HALF OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

—GREAT EXCITEMENT PREVAILED AMONG THE DESPERADOES OF TORTUGA AND HISPANIOLA----

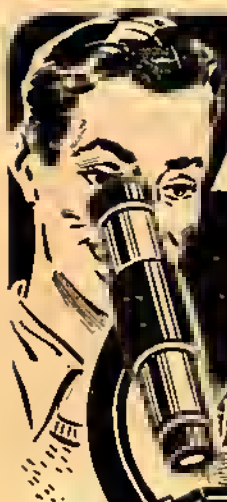


NOW, I SHALL SUFFER NO MORE BEATINGS!



CHARLES WESSELL

—BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT ONE YEAR LATER LE GRAND, THE DARING KILLER, WOULD BE POISONED BY A BADLY MIS-TREATED SERVANT!



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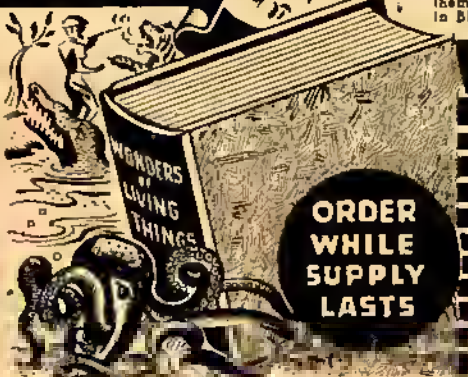
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VOLTO

FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.



BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

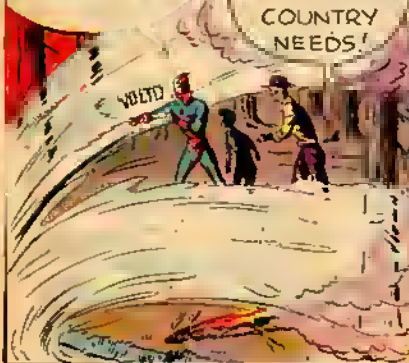


AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...



JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

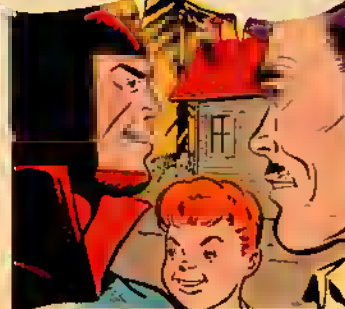
AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!



AND LATER-AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP- GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!



SAY! THIS IS GREAT! I THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU - BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

